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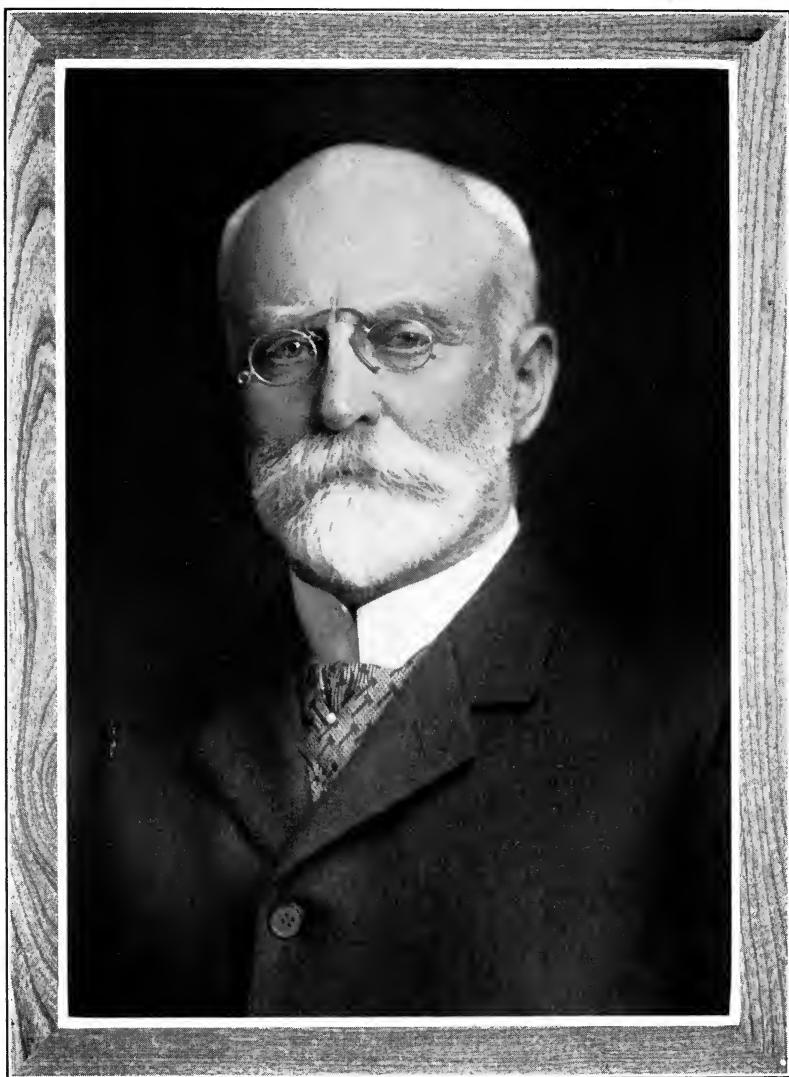


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Brewster Howard

In Memoriam



BRONSON HOWARD

1842 - 1908

FOUNDER AND PRESIDENT OF THE
AMERICAN DRAMATISTS CLUB

Addresses delivered at the Memorial Meeting
Sunday, October 18, 1908, at the
Lyceum Theatre, New York

WITH A BRIEF BIOGRAPHY AND OTHER
APPRECIATIONS AND RECORDS OF HIS DRAMATIC
WORKS, INCLUDING A LIST OF HIS PLAYS
WITH THE ORIGINAL CASTS



NEW YORK, 1910

Gift -
club

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PREFATORY

AFTER the funeral of Bronson Howard, at Avon, New Jersey, on August 5, 1908, the board of directors of the American Dramatists Club resolved to hold a public memorial service at a later date in honor of him who had been the founder of the club and its president for fifteen years. The following committee was appointed to arrange the details:

George Ade
Charles Barnard
David Belasco
George H. Broadhurst
Joseph I. C. Clarke
Charles T. Dazey
William C. De Mille
A. J. Dittenhoefer
Robert Edeson
Julian Edwards
Harrison Grey Fiske
Stephen Fiske
Daniel Frohman
Franklin Fyles
William Gillette
Clay M. Greene
Joseph R. Grismer
Victor Herbert
Rupert Hughes
E. E. Kidder
Charles Klein

Wilton Lackaye
J. J. McCloskey
John J. McNally
Victor Mapes
Harry P. Mawson
J. F. Milliken
Milton Nobles
Augustus Pitou
Eugene W. Presbrey
Richard A. Purdy
Sydney Rosenfeld
Edwin Milton Royle
Theodore Burt Sayre
Harry B. Smith
John Philip Sousa
Stanislaus Stange
Clinton Stewart
Mark E. Swan
Augustus Thomas
B. B. Vallentine
John Ernest Warren

PREFATORY

Upon the announcement of this resolve, offers of halls and theatres in which to hold the service came from many sides, one with very tender solicitude from Mr. David Belasco, who offered the Stuyvesant Theatre, at the laying of whose cornerstone Mr. Howard had presided in the previous year—one of the last of his appearances in public. It was, however, finally decided by those who had best at heart the carrying out of things as Mr. Howard himself might have wished them, to accept the offer of the Lyceum Theatre made by Mr. Daniel Frohman, who had been for so many years the dramatist's close friend and the companion of many happy summers. The date was then fixed for Sunday, October 18, by which time the artistic world of New York would once more have assembled.

On that evening an audience representing not only the dramatic and theatrical circles in which Mr. Howard had so long been a leader, but the sister arts and the learned professions as well, crowded the auditorium in witness of their affectionate admiration of the man and the first American dramatist of his time. Mrs. Howard was also present, a touched listener to the tributes to her beloved husband's memory. David Bispham never sang with greater feeling the beautiful numbers assigned to him, aided by a male choir and orchestra.

In the succeeding pages will be found the addresses delivered at the memorial meeting; an appreciation of Bronson Howard's dramatic work by Brander

PREFATORY

Matthews, reprinted through the courtesy of the *North American Review*; an address on the Drama delivered by Bronson Howard at Harvard University, and one before the Lambs Club; Bliss Carman's poem; a brief biography; a list of Mr. Howard's plays with their original casts; and some account of Mr. Howard's dramatic library and the endowment fund for its support and extension bequeathed to the American Dramatists Club.

JOSEPH I. C. CLARKE.

HARRY P. MAWSON.

Committee.

PROGRAM OF THE MEMORIAL SERVICE

- 1 ORCHESTRAL PRELUDE . . . *Gluck*
Overture to Iphigenia en Aulide
- 2 CHORAL, "Lead, Kindly Light" . . . *Newman*
- 3 INTRODUCTORY
JOSEPH I. C. CLARKE
Chairman Memorial Meeting
- 4 THE FOUNDER OF THE AMERICAN
DRAMATISTS CLUB
AUGUSTUS THOMAS
President American Dramatists Club
- 5 AN UPLIFTING LIFE
HAMILTON WRIGHT MABIE
- 6 SOLI, *a* "The Dying Christian to His Soul" *Schubert*
b "There is a Green Hill Far Away" *Gounod*
DAVID BISPHAM
H. O. Smith at the Piano
- 7 THE DRAMATIST
BRANDER MATTHEWS
- 8 THE HOMAGE OF THE ACTOR
F. F. MACKAY
- 9 HYMN, "Onward, Christian Soldiers" . . . *Sullivan*
CHORUS AND ORCHESTRA
The audience being asked to join in the singing of this, Mr. Howard's
favorite hymn, preceded by a few words from Charles Barnard
- 10 RECESSIONAL, Marche Funèbre . . . *Chopin*
Maurice C. Rumsey, *Musical Director*



THE ADDRESSES

INTRODUCTORY BY JOSEPH I. C. CLARKE

GOOD FRIENDS, we meet this October evening to honor the memory of a man beloved by us all, who laid aside this life last June. He had lived sixty-six years, beautifully rounding out his life of effort and achievement in a sunny retirement, tended to the last by loving hands.

Down by the sea, where death came kindly to him, a little group of us gathered as he was borne away. We were a small band, and simply stood as a guard of honor representing the thousands who had known and loved and honored the man, and who could not be with us there.

We could only be silent as he lay amid the flowers, within sound of the great diapason of the sea. But one and all we felt a duty was upon us, that at the proper time and place we should bear public testimony to the esteem and honor, reverence and love, that we had for the man and the master,—that we should say what was in us to say of Bronson Howard. For he had filled a crowded and inspiring chapter in the history of the American drama; he had flowered as a dramatist when the American drama was an infantile thing; and from first to last his work was vitally American. He came

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to us from the West in his younger manhood. He was born in Detroit, then a small city. Already he had made essay of the drama in some forgotten efforts. In the first years among us his first steps were in journalism, but the golden goddess of his dreams was the drama.

After some years of effort in New York, his first play, "Saratoga," was produced in 1870 by the late Augustin Daly. Mr. Howard was then in his twenty-eighth year. For twenty-two years succeeding, his life was one of great achievement in the drama. He produced seventeen of his plays during that period. Many of them by their titles alone are household words through the length and breadth of America. Many of those plays have been performed abroad; but all in all they stand for a continuous outreach of creative power, and mark an epoch in themselves. In this alone there is something that calls for this public appreciation of the man and his work. The history of the stage will deal with all that; but there are other claims upon us to honor the name of Bronson Howard, taking our position not merely as cold critics of his work, but as lovers of the man.

In his fiftieth year Bronson Howard founded the American Dramatists Club. Now, that meant much to the American drama, and about it you will learn later from other lips than mine. It was to us the revelation of a beautiful nature,—the side of the man socially, the man kindly and congenial, the man who scorned to condescend to anybody, just as in his life he

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never was afraid of anybody. The beautiful points of his character were gradually unfolded to us.

We saw under his leadership wonderful things done in the matter of protecting the rights of dramatists in the halls of legislation, in organization, in the growth of a fine solidarity; but through it all we return to one thing, our great love of the man. Our great love—that is the second reason why we are here to-night to honor the name of Bronson Howard.

It has been publicly told, and it is true, that Mr. Howard in his will bequeathed his valuable library of dramatic books to the American Dramatists Club, and that he has also provided a very handsome and generous fund for its maintenance and its extension. We feel that it will be the nucleus of the greatest dramatic library in the country. It will assuredly not be the smallest of his claims upon our loving memory.

We have received a great many letters and telegrams from all parts and from distinguished people throughout the country sympathizing with the objects of this meeting, but of these I shall read only two. I read the first for its significance, in that it somewhat stands for the feeling of the country for Bronson Howard. It is from the President of the United States.

THE WHITE HOUSE, WASHINGTON,
October 5, 1908.

Gentlemen: I wish I could be present in person at the memorial meeting in honor of the late Bronson Howard. As I cannot be, I send you a word of greeting, to give my testimony to the clean and healthy character of his plays, in

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addition to their real artistic merit. Many of them I remember very well, and I was one of those who felt a sense of personal loss in his death.

With all good wishes,

Sincerely yours,

THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

AMERICAN DRAMATISTS CLUB,
NEW YORK, N.Y.

The other communication which I take pleasure in reading is from a fellow dramatist across the sea,—from Henry Arthur Jones to Bronson Howard, which he prefaces in this way:

Almost the last time I met Bronson Howard was at a dinner given in honor of American dramatists in New York in October, 1906. He had aged, and in speaking across the table to him I said, "Old friend, you and I are stepping westward."

Now Mr. Jones writes:

Old friend, when many friends had gathered round,
Two years ago, to toast your country's stage,
I saw your fine keen features changed. White age
Had touched and ripened you, and you were crowned
With sweetest, kindest wisdom's wreath. I found
Warmer your welcome; more serene, more sage,
My old-time comrade. And from Wordsworth's page
I drew a greeting with a fateful sound.
"So we are stepping westward, you and I,"
Lightly I said, nor thought your swiftening feet
So soon would reach the sunset land. Pass by!
Laden with love and admiration, greet
Your fellows there. May "stepping westward" be
To you "a kind of heavenly destiny."

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ADDRESS BY AUGUSTUS THOMAS

Other men to-night are to speak of Bronson Howard as dramatic author, of the value of his work to literature, and of his personal relation to the theatrical manager and to the actor. To one speaking of his connection with the American Dramatists Club the task is therefore of restraint, is not to invade ungenerously the territory assigned to others.

Bronson Howard looked like a successful general who had quit the arts of war in order to practice medicine. An acquaintance with the qualities of mind and heart behind this personal appearance justified the outward expression. He had the quick and courageous seizure of plan, the graphic conception of movement in mass, that marked the organizer; and he also had the patient study of detail that belonged to the diagnostician. These gifts were guided and sustained by a hopeful and frank sympathy equaling that of the physical healer.

He was an ideal American. No manlier or handsomer head, face, and profile of the American type are preserved in portraiture than those of Bronson Howard. A phrenologist would have remarked the frontal development as an indication of benevolence and an almost feminine intuition. These were certainly among his characteristics. His open eyes were not only eloquently expressive,—they were stimulatingly searching and sincere. The steadiness of their attention was like a staff to a younger and stumbling converser.

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His heart was so generous in its natural appulse that even in criticism his search was not for the defects, but for the indications of promise, and his hospitality for these gave them constructive importance. A younger dramatist honored with Bronson Howard's advice or analytical review found his vocation rescued from the zone of lottery and levity and placed in the field of useful instruction and progressive art. Mr. Howard's ready sympathy with the point of view made him work always from the heart of things outward to their circumference.

His seriousness had a deep and stable displacement, yet was never ponderous; it leaned with tranquil dignity flexibly leeward under the recurrent breeze of a gentle humor.

Good as a talker, he was even better as a listener. For happenings that were truly droll he had an epicure's appreciation and the distinction of a connoisseur.

In the Strand one day his hansom cab locked wheels with a counter-marching coupé; there were ladies and a policeman present. Mr. Howard's driver, scornfully silent for a moment, leaned toward the man on the coupé and inquired in benign but weary condescension, "How do you like London?"

Years afterwards, even in moments of pain, any recall of that incident would sweep his recollection with the relaxing touch of an anesthetic. The day was a poor one in his active periods that did not furnish some similar drollery to his keen discovery and appreciation.

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An example or two of the type of humor that made an especial appeal to Mr. Howard may not be inappropriate on this occasion. Riding during the daytime in a sleeping-car in the far West, Mr. Howard's attention was attracted by the affectionate treatment bestowed upon a little girl by a gentleman with whom she was. The girl was a child of ten or twelve, the man was evidently her father. The relationship made an immediate appeal to the tenderness of Mr. Howard's nature, and he spoke to the father.

"You seem very fond of that little girl," he said.

"Oh, yes," the father answered; "she goes nearly everywhere with me. This little girl has traveled with me all over the United States."

"Indeed!" Mr. Howard commented.

"Yes," the father answered, "all over the United States." And then, after a moment's pause, "That is, except east of Chicago."

This easy elimination of the entire Atlantic seaboard struck Mr. Howard as especially characteristic of the western mental attitude.

Another story that he delighted to tell as showing the westerner's easy grouping of his own achievements with the volcanic wonders of nature was this: Mr. Howard had accompanied a citizen of Denver to a central elevation; the man was displaying the surrounding panorama.

"That mountain over there," he said, "is Long's Peak. Right there in the middle is the Merchants' Exchange. That's Pike's Peak on the left."

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Some years ago, when a philanthropic gentleman endeavored to found a Theatre of Arts and Letters, I found myself at a preliminary dinner sitting next Mr. Howard. The magazine and short-story writers of the time were also guests, among them such eminent gentlemen as Charles Dudley Warner, William Dean Howells, and Edmund Clarence Stedman.

"What is the idea of this gathering?" I asked Mr. Howard.

"Well," he replied, "our host has an idea that these literary gentlemen are the lost dramatists of America."

"Perhaps he is right," I submitted, upon which Mr. Howard asked,

"What is a dramatist, Thomas?"

"I take it that a dramatist is a man who writes plays."

"Exactly. Have these gentlemen written plays?"

"I don't think so."

"Then they are not dramatists. The dramatist shows his inclination at an early age, just as the artist shows his. It is impossible for an eminent business man at fifty to say 'I will be a portrait painter' and thereupon succeed."

I offer that as one example of Mr. Howard's quick seizure of the deciding features of any case. His temperament was judicial; he had to an eminent degree the jurist's faculty of weighing evidence and impartially deciding.

It was the organizer and general in his composition that prompted the bringing together of American

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dramatists in a club. It was the physician in him that cemented, developed, and conserved the organization. The first meeting of this body took place at a dinner given to the veteran playwright Charles Gaylor in 1890. To the astonishment of those making the list of guests for that supper, upward of fifty men writing in America who produced plays were professionally entitled to invitations, and thirty-five were actually present at the supper.

That was the origin of the American Dramatists Club. Mr. Howard was its first and only President from that day until his death.

The club which he founded is the only organization of its kind in the world. It owes its prosperity and its place of influence before the nation to the personal and individual strength of Mr. Howard, and under his administration it grew from a membership of thirty-five to more than an hundred.

It is owing to his unflagging and untiring interest, voiced through this organization, that the present federal copyright act was made effective, and also that laws have been passed in fourteen States of the Union to protect the dramatic author in the possession of his property.

Mr. Howard's affection for this club probably exceeded that which he held for all other organizations; and as testimonial of his affection he bequeathed to it his entire collection of dramatic works, one of the most considerable in the country, and also bequeathed a fund to enlarge and maintain the collection.

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The members of the club respected, admired, and loved him. His interest in them individually seemed to be in proportion to their need of assistance and encouragement and the help they could profitably absorb. The discussions which he prompted and developed rather than presided over in its circle were always wisely directed to eliminating from the task of the budding dramatist repetitions of those expensive mistakes from which the disciplinary lessons had already been learned by others.

In his spoken plans the first person singular was never heard. His invariable mode of speech was, "We should do thus or so," or, "It would seem the wiser for us in this or that." He was good-naturedly insistent that the organization should be, and be called, a club, and not an association or a society. In his opinion a pure democracy was essential to endurance and equal benefits.

He found his fellow dramatists scattered, unacquainted, and professionally weak. He left them organized, harmonious, intelligent in purpose, and with respectable force and influence.

If there shall ever be a permanent literary edifice known as the American Drama, Bronson Howard will be recorded not only as having laid its cornerstone and begun its structure, but as having organized the craft that made its growth a noticeable occupation.

In the heart of this membership his place is secure. His memory is an inspiration, his speech a remembered benediction, his companionship a decoration.

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ADDRESS BY HAMILTON WRIGHT MABIE

I cannot speak to you, ladies and gentlemen, with the professional authority, nor, it is needless to say, with the charm of the gentleman who has just taken his seat; but I can come to you as one who knew and honored Mr. Howard, and who represents, perhaps, that great constituency upon whom the theatre depends for its support; one who believes that the drama has again and again been the inevitable language of the hour, and who believes that that hour will strike again; one who finds in the theatre, not always, but at times, rest, refreshment, and joy; and one who has been fortunate in this case, as in others, in making the acquaintance of players and play-writers distinguished not only on the stage, but for generous, lovable qualities.

It is idle to gather any group of people to honor a man; a man cannot be honored save by himself. We are not gathered here to confer, but to recognize honor. One of the most delightful recorders of things connected with the stage at the close of the eighteenth century said of a certain distinguished English actress who protested against certain lines that fell to her lot because they described her personal beauty too warmly, that she stood alone in this; for there are few to whom the most undeserved things that might be said would not give pleasure.

I am quite sure that nothing would give Bronson Howard any pleasure in our gathering together here to-night, except the simple truth. Mrs. Wharton says

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of one of her characters that he had passed through a great culture to a great simplicity. It always seemed to me that Mr. Howard had passed through a wide knowledge of life, not only to a great simplicity of nature, but to that ripeness which shows itself in the sweetness of perfect maturity and balance. To-day, a hundred thousand texts, perhaps, have been used throughout the United States; may I not take one from that master of the art of expression, Robert Louis Stevenson,—that charming text which compressed into a single sentence the whole philosophy of life: “Be good yourself, and make others happy.” So many of us are intent on being happy ourselves and making others good! It seems to me that this describes Bronson Howard’s special quality. He did not lack frankness or courage. He touched greed, avarice, pretension, insincerity, and sham with a whip that stung but did not lacerate; he was not a Cossack, leaving the mark of his lash on the bleeding back of his victim.

I have read somewhere of a woman who put her hand into the open mouth of a stone lion in an Italian city and was stung by a scorpion. So, sometimes, as you sit in front of the stage to-day and the situation opens before you with the majesty of a great tragedy, you feel that you are going to be uplifted by a great play of passion, and instead you get the sting of the scorpion. Bronson Howard could lash the small vices, those pleasant vices of which the greatest of playwrights has said that the gods make scourges. Too many plays of the day are scourges and nothing more;

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they state a tragic situation, but throw no light on it. A scourge is admirable, if it is not simply punitive; but there are many playwrights who use the scourge for the pleasure of using it. You remember in a book which has been quoted from to-day somewhat extensively, and is still sometimes read, there is a story told of a man who was sent to a certain city to preach repentance to the citizens, and to convey the information that if repentance were not forthcoming certain terrible things would come to pass. He went forth, and like so many other prophets anticipated the pleasure of seeing the fire fall from heaven. He preached faithfully, and, to his great surprise and consternation, the people repented, and so he went outside the walls of the city and sat under a juniper tree in sore disappointment. There are many people sitting about under juniper trees; their chief pleasure is not to record repentance, but to use the lash. I remember hearing Mr. Jefferson say once that the most impressive evidence of Mrs. Siddons's greatness was the fact that she could make good women dramatically interesting. Revolt against established law and order involves collision, and where there is a collision there is tragic situation. Of plays of this sort there are so many that sometimes one feels in going to the theatre as if he were exchanging his own personal problem for somebody else's problem, often very impressively stated, but rarely touched with any light or worked out in any real solution.

We need the lash; but that need not be the only opportunity of playwrights. Art has other functions.

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The dramas in real life are not all dismal tragedies, nor do they all end in futile ravellings out of the threads of fate.

Robert Ingersoll once said that if he had had the making of the world he would have made health contagious instead of disease. He did not know the elementary fact that health is as contagious as disease. All men do not sell their souls, nor all women their honor. Health has dramatic interest as well as disease, victory is sometimes as moving as defeat, and achievement as interesting as failure. The light has heights and depths as surprising and impressive as the shadows.

On the plate on which Howard worked there was no corrosive acid. His art rested on sanity, health, and humor. He dwelt with a pleasant touch on serious things. His dramas were the expression of a sincere, loyal, high-minded nature. He was not great; he would not have called himself great; but for that matter neither were his contemporaries. He was sincere, honest, and human. His work was not all emphasis; it was full of shading. His art, though it fell short of greatness, rested on sanity of views, on a humor which never turned to bitterness, on trained intelligence and a happy skill all his own. His was a pleasant touch on serious things which, like the quality of a noble woman, refreshed and invigorated the atmosphere. This is a function of art as old as Sophocles, and as modern as Mr. Barrie; and, it seems to me, this was the spirit of Bronson Howard's work, the expression of his sincere, loyal, and high-minded nature.

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ADDRESS BY BRANDER MATTHEWS

Ladies and Gentlemen: It is a sad pleasure for me to come here this evening charged with the duty of testifying to the fine qualities of a friend of many years.

I came to know Bronson Howard almost two-score years ago, and only a little while after he had won his first success with "Saratoga." In the years that followed we labored together in more than one worthy cause. We helped to found the Authors Club; we served side by side on the executive committee of the American Copyright League; and of late we both took part in founding the National Institute of Arts and Letters. He was always glad to do what he could to further the interests of his profession.

And then nine or ten years ago it was my privilege to collaborate with him in the last play of his to be produced, "Peter Stuyvesant." He was an ideal collaborator, inventive, ingenious, resourceful, suggestive, a master of stage-craft and possessed of all the secrets of the theatre, ever considerate and ever courteous. Indeed, Mr. Augustus Thomas suggested that perhaps one reason why the play which Bronson Howard and I wrote in collaboration was less successful than most of the plays which Mr. Howard had written alone, was to be found in the fact that the two collaborators had been too polite to each other. Bronson Howard could not help being polite to everybody,—even to a collaborator. His own self-respect was so deeply rooted that he had always abundant respect for others.

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He was essentially a gentleman, always manly, and always gentle.

Severe in the judgment of his own work, he was swift to recognize merit in the work of others. Always appreciative, he was quick to discover ability before it had won general recognition. I recall meeting him one morning, now many years ago, when "Young Mrs. Winthrop" was in preparation, and I asked why he was not at rehearsal. He answered that there was a young stage-manager there who seemed to have a good many ideas of his own;—"so I am keeping away from the theatre for a day or two so that those ideas may be developed." That young stage-manager's name was David Belasco.

I recall also one evening at the Authors Club, when the late Richard Henry Stoddard said to Bronson Howard, "How is it that you don't put more literature into your plays?" Stoddard was a man of letters, and like many other men of letters was ignorant that the drama is an independent art, and that it is only incompletely included within the boundaries of literature. But his question voiced the belief of many men of letters that literature is something that can be put into a play, that literature in the drama is a matter of words, of pretty phrases, of flowers of rhetoric, and of quotable passages. A man who could ask that question must be forever blind to the reason why the great poetic dramas are great, which is because they are dramatic before they are poetic. Literature is not something that can be put into a play; it is not ex-

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ternal, but internal; it is not a matter of words, but of the ideas which underlie expression.

Literary merit does not lie merely in the writing of a play; it lies in the composition as a whole, in the construction, in the proportion, in the invention, and above all in the imagination, which sustains and interprets and transfigures. There can be no literature without the impression of life itself, the veracious portrayal of the realities of existence. Bronson Howard never tried to put literature into his plays; he understood his art too well, he respected it too much. But he succeeded again and again in capturing the reality of life,—which is the essence of literature. There is imagination, and imagination of high order, in that scene of the “Henrietta” where the stricken stock speculator dies alone in his chair while the indicator behind him ticks off the death-watch. There is not only pathos but poetry also in that scene in “Shenandoah” where a soldier father reverses his sword and goes to the funeral of an erring son who has redeemed himself by a noble death and whom the bereaved father does not recognize.

These are scenes plucked out of the turmoil of American life. There are many of them in Bronson Howard's plays, and they are scenes which no American dramatist earlier than Howard had been capable of seizing. He was a pioneer of all the American dramatists who are seeking to set on the stage to-day one or another phase of American life and character. He blazed the trail for all who came after; he pointed the

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path that they must follow; and he set them an example of abiding integrity in dealing with this material honestly and sincerely.

As we advance on the journey of life the time comes to all of us when it seems almost as though we were walking through a graveyard with every milestone on the way a tombstone beneath which a friend lies buried. The death of Bronson Howard has made a gap in the life of every one of us who had the honor of his friendship.

ADDRESS BY F. F. MACKAY

Mr. Chairman, and Ladies and Gentlemen: I feel very much embarrassed in this position this evening. You know an actor is not supposed to think—the dramatist does the thinking for him; and at rehearsal when the dramatist is found a little short the stage-manager makes up the deficit, so the actor is not called upon to think at all in the matter of acting.

It seems, therefore, a very difficult task to-night to talk on the subject before us. But when I think of the character of our dear departed, a ray of light seems to come like a beam of sunlight, dispelling the darkness and filling the vacancy, and I feel an inclination to pay homage to Bronson Howard.

I first met Mr. Howard thirty years ago. I was at that time managing in the city of Philadelphia. The play was "Saratoga," and although it had been produced in New York Mr. Howard paid me the compli-

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ment of saying that it had never been better produced. This I took as an indication of his great good-nature. I have known him thirty years; I have never met Mr. Howard in all that time without a smile on his face. He seemed to feel that law in nature which says, You cannot win a smile by giving off a frown. That amiable and friendly nature of his seemed to crop out at all times and on all sides; for I have met him in his own club, I have met him on the stage, and I have met him at the Players, where his name stands high and his portrait to-day hangs in our rooms honored and respected, because it is the sign of a delightful presence and a mind that could comprehend nature. He could place human emotions in such juxtaposition that when they were re-presented by the actor we said, How like a man! How like a woman!

The great art of the dramatist is to know human sensations in all their relations, and to place them in such relative position that when they are re-presented by the actor truthfully, which does not always happen, (aside, Mr. Thomas,) the audience will say, how clever is the actor, evidently unmindful of the fact that after all the situation belongs to the author. No actor has ever been great except through great situations made by great dramatic writers. Mr. Bronson Howard made several plays in which actors have distinguished themselves because of their correct impersonation of his truthful conceptions of human nature.

During my term of management, he sent to me a play called "Lilian's Last Love." I read over the play

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carefully, and found it had a very long prologue. It had an almost interminable death scene. I suggested that if he would change the prologue to an act, and cut short the death scene, we would be glad to produce it. It was returned to New York, and when I heard of it again it was produced at the Union Square Theatre under the title of "The Banker's Daughter." You all know what a run it had, how delightful a performance it was, and how entertaining to the general public.

Again, I met him at the Lyceum Theatre in the play called "One of our Girls," and there was a test of his amiability constantly going on. For some reason or other the company had an idea that the play was a translation from the French, for, as I remember, the scenes were all laid in France. He took occasion to tell us positively that the play was entirely original, and every word of it English. We were rehearsing it continuously four weeks. There were four acts, and we rehearsed an act each week. We came to the third act, and the word "préfet" (pronounced *préfay*) was there. The young man who was playing the character that used the word said, "Mr. Howard, you told us this was all English, and here is a French word!" He said, "Well, yes, I believe we have no word in the English language that fills the place." But another actor in the company said, "We have the word prefect in the English language." Mr. Howard said, "Is that so? We will accept it." We did accept it at once, so we pronounced the word prefect instead of *préfay*.

The piece was produced, and on the first night it



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ran till nearly twelve o'clock. The audience seemed dissatisfied, and the management decided it was too long and must be cut; so the company was called together the next morning to cut the play. Mr. Howard looked over the matter and said, "I don't see anything to cut, gentlemen; but, ladies and gentlemen, I have made a mistake. I have asked you to rehearse this piece in standard time, and consequently we have played it too slow. Now I will leave it to you, ladies and gentlemen, to quicken the time." And he cut three words out of the four-act play, and we reduced the play the next night three-quarters of an hour.

That perhaps seems a little remarkable, but here is a peculiar point in regard to the drama and the public. On the stage there are two times. Time is an unlimited quantity; it is undefinable, and therefore unlimited. The only way we can define time is to say it is a mental condition. Following that statement you will see how this shortening up was done. The prompter and the man outside of the scenes are in *standard* time, but the actor and the audience are always in *dramatic* time; that is to say, the dramatist has given us a scene which would take three months to enact in standard time, and we do it in half an hour in dramatic time.

The action going on in the presence of the audience is therefore in dramatic time, and the actor who stands outside of the scene often experiences this. In the case of a stage wait, for instance, the actor on the stage is in dramatic time where hours are passing in minutes and seconds. He gives a cue, "I have a long journey

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to go," and he repeats impatiently, "I have a long journey to go," "I have a long journey to go." Brown comes rushing on, and when the scene is over the actor who was waiting says, "Why were you not here when I gave you the cue?" "I was at the wings," says B. "I waited five minutes," says A. "I beg your pardon," says B, "I don't think it was five seconds." "It was at least three minutes," says A. The matter is referred to the prompter. "Mr. Prompter, how long was that wait?" The prompter says it was three seconds,— "and, Mr. Brown, don't let it happen again."

The actor on the stage takes the audience with him, and they are in dramatic time, and the actor that stands out in the wings is there in standard time. The prompter has a clock in front of him keeping the time.

Mr. Howard told us to play it as we were playing it, only to quicken the time. It was played that night three-quarters of an hour shorter than the first night.

His plays—and I have had the honor of appearing in several of them—were always delightful because his language was well chosen, his rhetoric good, his drama correct, and his deductions always truthful. He had been a close observer of human nature, and when he presented a character we felt edified in re-presenting it for the reason that his characters were truthful; and they were always beautiful because they represented nature, and that, after all, is the acme of art.

I know that many people say art is nature; but art is not nature, for the reason that nature is created and art is made. Again, art is not nature because nature is

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ever crescent and art is ever decaying. Again, art is not nature because nature reproduces plants and animals after their kind and art only re-presents them. The dramatist gets nearest to creation. To create is to bring forth a visible, tangible something from an invisible, intangible nothing. Therefore, no man ever created anything. Man rearranges things already created, and if he happens to hit upon a combination that no man has used before him we say he is an inventor. He is original, but he has created nothing.

Although Bronson Howard was not the pioneer in American drama, since many plays were written before his time, yet he seems to have become the standard. His plays were always pure, and always interesting because they were natural. The mind that re-presented human nature so correctly as Bronson Howard did is worthy of the distinguished honor we are paying him to-night. As an actor, I offer my homage to that man who established a moral form in the drama of America that will be a standard for all future American writers.

The frame which that man inhabited is returned now to our mother earth; but the spirit that guided that body has plunged into the great ocean of eternity, and the waves of that force are rippling on throughout the universe of time. We feel it here to-night! We feel the grandeur of that force! We feel the strength of that mind that has left an impression which all actors may respect and love, but the force of which no actor can increase how great soever the homage he may pay to the memory of Bronson Howard.

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ADDRESS BY CHARLES BARNARD

Friends and lovers of Bronson Howard: I was his lover. He lived in my home for many months. For a quarter of a century he was almost continuously my neighbor. There is one side of his character that I know better than any other. We arrive at some definite idea of a man's aims, character, and aspirations by asking, What music did he like most? What was his favorite hymn?

Bronson Howard's favorite hymn was that stirring, martial hymn, "Onward, Christian Soldiers." Mr. Howard, I think, admired more the music than the words, fine as they are. I consider that the music of this hymn expresses Bronson Howard. He looked forward; he looked onward and upward; and while at this memorial meeting you might say that this is too stirring a melody for such an occasion, dear friends, it was like him, and in behalf of the American Dramatists Club I ask you presently to rise and stand, and together with us and the choir sing our dear friend's favorite hymn, and thinking meanwhile of the spirit of the man who could select such a noble hymn for his favorite music. Will you please rise and join us in singing.

At the close of the hymn, the audience dispersed.

BRONSON HOWARD



OTHERS must praise him for the plays he wrote,
Or criticise him in perfunctory mode.

I only know our peerless friend is gone,
Leaving for us an emptier world where once
This gentlest of all gentle men abode.

Let us not wrong so genuine a soul —
So modest after all his honored years —
With high-flown eulogy and sounding phrase.
It is enough that loss of him must reach
To the profound sincerity of tears.

Many will see him still with dog and pipe
Strolling through little Sconset by the sea,
Among the happy bathers on the beach,
Watching the sunset on the purple moors,
Or on the way to lonely Sankoty.

The courtly welcome from his cabin door,
Far from the mainland on his isle of dreams,
Must hold its spell forever in our hearts,
To shame ungenerous credence or offense
With faith in simple kindness and high themes.

When last I saw him it was at his ease
On the wide lounge before the blazing fire —
The hospitable hearthstone of The Players.
So free of spirit, so fine, and so humane,
Kindly to judge and kindling to inspire!

Dear Bronson Howard! Could mortal ever live
More loyally for loveliness and right?
We shall not find him now by hearth nor shore,
But all life long love must recall his smile —
Immortal friend of sweetness and of light.

BLISS CARMAN.

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BY BRANDER MATTHEWS

PROFESSOR OF DRAMATIC LITERATURE IN COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY

HIS untimely death of Bronson Howard in the first days of August, before he had attained to the allotted threescore years and ten, terminated a friendship which had begun very shortly after I had been present at the first night of "Saratoga," his earliest successful play, now nearly forty years ago. Only the few whom he had admitted to intimacy could know what his friendship meant to all who were fortunate enough to possess it. But even casual acquaintances must have felt drawn toward him by his cheery simplicity of manner. Perhaps even those who saw him only on occasion, may have noted in him a certain elemental largeness; and they could not fail to find him at once genial and direct, kindly and manly. He was a delightful talker, shrewd and sagacious, and yet easy and wholly without pretence. He did his own thinking; but he never forced his opinions on others. He was the soul of courtesy; and, witty as he was, he never risked the loss of his friend for the sake of his jest. He sought always to maintain the dignity of his calling, and he was held in high regard by all his colleagues of the craft. He was the founder of the American Dramatists Club, following in the footsteps of Beaumarchais, who organized the French Dramatic

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Authors Society, and of Scribe, who reorganized it; and, under Bronson Howard's leadership, this association succeeded in securing an extension of the legal protection for stage-right in the United States broader than that yet granted by any other nation.

His career as a dramatist was long and honorable. It was also extraordinarily successful; indeed, it would be difficult to name any playwright who had scored so many hits, most of them bull's-eyes, with so few misses. Although he conformed to the stage conventions of his own day, he was original and independent. He made no translations or adaptations, with the single exception of "Wives,"* a *contaminatio* (as the Latins would term it) of two of Molière's comedies, the "School for Husbands" and the "School for Wives." He collaborated only twice—first, with Sir Charles Young (the author of "Jim the Penman"), and, second, with a younger American man of letters; and in neither case were these plays in partnership as well received by the public as the most of those which he had written alone. Yet he believed heartily in collaboration, holding that, in the arduous work of construction on which a drama must depend, two heads are better than one. And he was an ideal collaborator himself, considerate and suggestive, bringing to the joint-work his rich experience and his quick inventiveness. And only the intimacy of collaboration could reveal completely his abiding sin-

* Mr. Matthews is here in pardonable error. Mr. Howard's first play, "Fantine," produced in Detroit, was drawn from Victor Hugo's "Les Misérables," as noted elsewhere. It perhaps ought scarcely to count, but the experience was part of his dramatic education.

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cerity and his desire for truth, combined with his innate feeling for theatrical effectiveness and his intuitive understanding of the actor's art, which every playwright must needs possess if he hopes to see what he has conceived in the silence of the study take on life and movement in the glare of the stage.

He graduated from journalism into play-writing, as Mr. Augustus Thomas and Mr. George Ade have done since. He was the earliest American playwright (not also an actor or a manager) to make his living by writing for the theatre. Before he began his career, an American comedy was something casual, accidental, sporadic; it could be only amateur work. He was the first American professional dramatist giving his whole life to his work. He blazed the trail for the dozen authors who are now seeking to set on the stage the salient characteristics of American life. He was the first American playwright who had a recognized position in Great Britain; he was the scout of that friendly invasion which has resulted recently in the simultaneous occupancy of half a dozen London theatres by American plays.

His earlier plays suffered a sea-change in crossing the Atlantic, and were adapted by British writers to conform to British manners and customs. "Saratoga" was condensed and localized by Frank Marshall, who renamed it "Brighton." "The Banker's Daughter" was transformed by James Alberry, and called "The Old Love and the New." The American author himself modified "Hurricanes" for London audiences and gave

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it a new title, "Truth." In time, the London managers found that the London playgoers were outgrowing the insularity which had insisted on the adapting of exotic plays to British conditions; and therefore "Young Mrs. Winthrop" and "The Henrietta" were presented in England as they had been performed in America.

It was characteristic of Bronson Howard's conscientiousness that he was always most scrupulous in declaring whatever indebtedness he might be under to any predecessor. He printed on the programme of "Moorcroft" an acknowledgment that he had derived the suggestion for the play from a short story by John Hay, although what he had borrowed was so insignificant that Mr. Hay told me he would never have suspected his own share in the work if Bronson Howard had not called attention to it. In like manner, he set forth on the programme of "The Henrietta" the fact that one episode had its origin in a chapter of "Vanity Fair." In a speech before the curtain on the hundredth performance of "The Banker's Daughter," he took occasion publicly to thank the late A. R. Cazauran for helping him to get into its final shape one of the important acts, a service for which the author had already liberally paid.

When he was engaged in the composition of "Peter Stuyvesant," he declared to the friend with whom he was collaborating the principle on which he had always acted. He said that while an author was at work his whole duty was to the play he was composing, and he ought to use in its construction unhesitatingly whatever

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material it might need. Then, when the play was completed, the artist had a duty as an honest man to look over his work and to decide whether it contained anything that really belonged to any one else, living or dead, native or foreign. If the original owner was alive, his permission must be had; and this must be paid for, if necessary. And, in any event, complete acknowledgment must be made, so that the author might not seem to be decked with borrowed plumes. Here he laid down the law for every dramatist with an acute conscience. Bronson Howard himself was incapable of accepting the custom which obtained in England half a century ago, and which allowed the announcement of "The Ticket-of-Leave Man" as a "new play by Tom Taylor," when this new play was, in fact, only an adaptation of the "Léonard" of Brisebarre and Nus. There is absolutely no foundation for the malevolent insinuation recently revived that the plot of "Saratoga" had been borrowed from some unidentified French piece. But, of course, Bronson Howard, like every other dramatist, living or dead, used unhesitatingly the situations which are the common property of all who write for the theatre.

Bronson Howard's career as a dramatist covered the transition period of the modern drama when it was changing from the platform-stage to the picture-frame-stage. His immediate predecessor, Dion Boucicault, worked in accordance with the conditions of the platform-stage, with its rhetorical emphasis, its confidential soliloquies to the audience, and its frequent

changes of scene in the course of an act. "London Assurance," for example, is built absolutely upon the model of the "School for Scandal"; and both comedies, Boucicault's as well as Sheridan's, have to be rearranged to adjust them to the theatre of to-day, with its box-sets and with its curtain close to the footlights. When Bronson Howard began to write for the stage he accepted the convenient traditions of the time, although he followed T. W. Robertson in giving only a single scene to each act. As a result of this utilization of conventions soon to seem outworn, certain of his earlier plays appeared to him late in life incapable of being brought down to date, as they had been composed in accordance with a method now discarded. This disadvantage is possibly only temporary; and, even if these pieces strike us now as a little out of fashion, in time they may come to take on the quaint charm of the old-fashioned.

He moved with his time; and his latest plays, "Aristocracy" for one and "Kate" for another, are in perfect accord with the most modern formula. Yet he did not go as far as some other playwrights of to-day. He knew that the art of the theatre, like every other art, can live only by the conventions which allow it to depart from the mere facts of life; and he was unwilling to relinquish the soliloquy, for instance, which is often not only serviceable but actually necessary. He once said, half jokingly, to his collaborator in "Peter Stuyvesant," that, if he had happened to write a play without a single soliloquy, he would be tempted to in-

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sert one, simply to retain the right to employ it when it was required. It may be noted, however, that he did not carry this out, since his last comedy, "Kate," is free from any soliloquy. He followed with unfailing sympathy and with unflagging interest the rejuvenation of the drama toward the end of the nineteenth century. He had no liking for Ibsen's attitude toward life, but he had the keenest appreciation of Ibsen's masterly technic.

His first successful piece was "Saratoga," which, although announced by Augustin Daly, the manager who produced it, as "a comedy of contemporaneous manners," was in fact only a farce, wholly unrelated to contemporaneous manners or even to real life. Like all other playwrights, even the greatest (not excluding either Shakspeare or Molière), Howard began unambitiously and unpretendingly, desirous of composing the kind of play likely to please the audiences of his own day, the kind of play they were accustomed to relish. "Saratoga" owed its popularity to the brisk ingenuity of its intrigue, to the unflagging vivacity of its adroit situations, and to the humorous felicity of its dialogue. Its characters were little more than the traditional figures of farce; and one of its episodes set forth the sending of a series of challenges to a duel,—a convenient theatrical tradition not even then justified by customs of society. Inexpensive devices of this sort the author eschewed altogether as he grew in experience and as his observation became keener. But "Saratoga," arbitrary as it is in conception, in its characters and in the conduct of its plot, deserved its popularity. Per-

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haps it might amuse even to-day, if it were presented, not as a comedy of contemporaneous manners, but as a specimen of the farce of our fathers, with the costumes of 1870.

As he gained in technical skill, Howard's ambition developed, and his next play, "Diamonds" (which was also produced at Daly's Theatre), was really a "comedy of contemporaneous manners," although it did not quite answer to its author's hopes. Slowly his insight into social conditions became clearer; and yet even "The Banker's Daughter" has at the core of it, the heroine's marriage with a man she does not love, a self-sacrifice which might be termed almost immoral, and which the author never would have approved a few years later. Perhaps he first attained his larger ambition in "Young Mrs. Winthrop," to satisfy it more completely in "The Henrietta," which remains to-day his finest work, the truest and the deepest. Here, indeed, in contradiction to the generally accepted theory that the novel is constantly in advance of the drama in its investigation into society, the dramatist presented a picture of American life and character sharper in outline than any which had then been achieved by any novelist, excepting the author of "Silas Lapham."

Different as these two plays are, "Young Mrs. Winthrop," a delicate comedy of manners and sentiment, and "The Henrietta," a bold and robust social drama, they had a common origin, in the author's observation of the society in which he lived. It was

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about at this point in his work that he confided to a friend his discovery that every country had one theme on which numberless plays might be written, with a firm assurance that at least the subject itself would be welcome to the playgoers of that nation. "In France," he explained, "this perennial topic is marital infelicity; in England it is caste; and here in the United States it is business." It was business, in one or another of its ramifications, which he chose to put into the centre of these two plays in which he has most completely expressed himself.

This understanding of the importance of business in American life, and this desire of his to show some of its perils to his fellow citizens, may be taken as added evidence of his keen insight into conditions on this side of the Atlantic and of his intense Americanism,—an Americanism which was cosmopolitan in its outlook and radically free from any spread-eagleism. He knew England well and the English also; and he liked them. He had traveled widely, keeping his mind open as he went, so that he understood other peoples with a quicker sympathy than most Americans. But, though he might choose now and again to present international contrasts of character and to set Americans over against foreigners, sometimes even on foreign soil, it is on his own countrymen that he spends his full strength. His plays, all of them, from first to last, are essentially American in theme and in outlook.

It was in their content only that his comedies revealed the country of their birth. In their form, the

later of them were in complete accord with the cosmopolitan standard accepted everywhere at the end of the nineteenth century, when the conditions of performance were identical throughout the world. One of the most interesting results of the comparative study of modern literature is the discovery that exactly the same formula—that of the short story, for example—may now be employed by authors of many different languages, each of whom is putting the full flavor of his native soil into works composed after a model which has international vogue. Structurally there is a great similarity between the Californian tales of Bret Harte and the Indian narratives of Mr. Rudyard Kipling; and there is the same external likeness between Daudet's sketches of Provençal characters and Mrs. Wilkins-Freeman's studies of New England types. What is true of the short story is true also of the acted drama. "The Henrietta" of Bronson Howard is as vibrantly American in its color as the "Robe Rouge" of M. Brieux is unmistakably French in flavor and as the "Heimat" of Herr Sudermann is emphatically German in tone; but in their form, in their structure, in their method of presenting their several stories, these plays are all closely alike. And it was Bronson Howard who, first of all American playwrights, attained to the compact simplicity and the straightforward directness which this new cosmopolitan formula demands.

Artists often do their best more or less unconscious of their processes, working by native instinct, and incapable of formulating the principles they have obeyed.

But there are a few of them, more intelligent it may be and more inquisitive, who are able to deduce from their own practice a body of doctrine for future guidance. This is what Bronson Howard did. He had worked out for himself the principles of the little understood art of dramaturgy. He had as clear insight into the inexorable limitations which govern the presentation of a play on the stage before a succession of audiences as Sarcey had, or the younger Dumas. What he did by intuition, he could justify by precept. He had thought his art through and through in all its manifold intricacies; and as a result he had penetrated to its comparatively few essential laws. He went behind the rough-and-ready rule-of-thumb dogmas of the practical stage-manager to lay firm hold on the permanent principles which underlie them all. One of these stage sayings is the dictum that you must never keep a secret from the audience and never put the spectators on a false scent; and the reasons for this are self-evident. This rule is broken in "Young Mrs. Winthrop," where the author keeps secret the real motives of the husband's repeated visits to the woman of whom the wife is jealous, and where the author allows the spectators to put themselves on a false scent. Here Bronson Howard violated a stage tradition; he transgressed the minor rule to abide by a major law,—to retain the sympathy of the audience for the heroine when she left her husband's home, a sympathy which she would have lost if the spectators had themselves been aware that the husband's conduct was blameless.

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Bronson Howard recognized fully that the drama is not wholly contained within the bounds of literature. Like every other true dramatist, past and present, he wanted his work to be judged in the theatre for which it was written rather than in the library. He would have cordially echoed Molière's declaration that "everybody knows that comedies are written only that they may be acted." He was almost as averse to the printing of his plays as Shakspeare was. His latest comedy, "Kate," was published only because it was not likely to be acted immediately, as it called for a cast of competent actors not easily attainable now that the star system has been reduced to the absurd.

In his conversation he liked to dwell on the resemblance between the art of the dramatist and the art of the architect, since the first duty in both is to consider the planning. Solidity of construction is as important to a play as it is to a house. And he held also that true literary merit was to be sought in integrity of workmanship and in veracity of character-drawing. He maintained that literature in the drama should not be external, as so many merely literary critics unfamiliar with the theatre seem to think, but internal. It is not a matter of rhetoric applied on the outside, but a question of sincerity of purpose and honesty of presentation within the play itself. He never descended to decorate his dialogue with pretty speeches, existing only for their own sake. He never enameled the talk of his characters with detachable witticisms, clever sayings, extracted from the note-book and as effective in one play

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as in another. His humorous touches were always the expression of character and situation. He had been greatly pleased with Mr. William Archer's keen remark that the good things in the dialogue of one of his comedies had bloomed there naturally, "like blossoms on a laburnum," and were not stuck on arbitrarily "like candles on a Christmas-tree."

His characters say what they ought to say, and in so doing they reveal themselves; but if he refrained from decking his dialogue with flowers of speech, it was not because he had no poetry in him, no invention, no imagination. Invention he had in abundance, and also not a little of the larger informing and interpreting imagination. There is pure poetry, for instance, but in action rather than in words, in the funeral scene of "Shenandoah," where the soldier father, all unknowing, walks reverently behind the body of his erring son, who has been redeemed by a heroic death,—a picture of unspoken pathos which must linger in the memories of all who ever beheld the play.

In dealing with American life in the drama, poetically and realistically, Bronson Howard was a pioneer; and every one who seeks to evaluate his work must keep in mind constantly the fact that it was done in a transition period. During his life, he saw the conditions of the theatre in this country change with a swiftness he could not dare to hope for when he began to write for the stage; and no one was more influential than he in bringing about this transformation. Forty years ago, the American theatre was in a condition of colonial

dependence upon the British theatre, although that was a period of blank emptiness in the British drama. While the novel was flourishing in England, and while Thackeray and Dickens and George Eliot were adorning prose-fiction, literature and the drama had been divorced. The stage was filled with adaptations from the French, and all the playwrights of the English language were compelled to an unfair competition with the vendors of stolen goods. Charles Reade declared that he was really a dramatist who was forced to be a novelist by bad laws.

The English-speaking stage was then a hotbed of unhealthy unreality, since it was occupied by foreign plays, the plots of which had been violently wrenched into an external conformity with British propriety. Sardou's essentially Gallic "*Pattes de Mouches*" and "*Nos Intimes*" and "*Dora*," each of them in turn was made over into British plays tainted with incurable falsity to the facts of life. Nowadays a French drama, "*The Thief*," for example, is translated only and it remains French in character; but forty years ago, or even thirty, it would have been transmogrified into a bastard British drama.

And these perversions of French pieces were then the staple of the American stage. The case would have been sad enough if our theatres had been given over solely to reproductions of British society, so different from our own in its ideals; but it was infinitely worse when our stage was filled with nondescript pieces which misrepresented British society. The American

managers were not to blame for this, since there were then no American playwrights; and they were excusable if they insisted on the London hall-mark. Augustin Daly first, and secondly A. M. Palmer, began to import the Parisian successes direct, presenting them frankly in translations; and they sought diligently for original American plays. This policy was as wise as it was immediately profitable.

But it left Lester Wallack sadly at sea, accustomed as he had been to follow blindly in the footsteps of our British cousins; and Wallack's had been for years the leading theatre of the leading American city. I recall Wallack's plaintive tone when he said to me thirty years ago, "I used to get along very well, with the latest London success and a new play now and then by Dion or by John"—Boucicault and Brougham—"and an old comedy or two. But now I really don't know what they want!" The British tradition seemed so natural to Lester Wallack, so inevitable, that when Bronson Howard, in his 'prentice days, took him a piece called "Drum-Taps"—which was to supply more than one comedy scene to the later "Shenandoah"—the New York manager did not dare to risk a play on so American a theme as the Civil War. He returned it to the young author saying, "Couldn't you make it the Crimea?" But even the hunger to have a first play performed did not tempt Bronson Howard to deprive his work of all its significance.

Other managers there were who had more courage; and in time Bronson Howard got his chance and proved

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himself, and opened the way for the younger men who have come after him. Whether his plays will long survive him, time alone can tell. Perhaps "The Henrietta," with its virility, its hearty humor, and its ingenuity of stagecraft, will last longest. Perhaps his only one-act comedy, the delicate and delightful "Old Love Letters," will prove more tempting to the next generation. Perhaps the managers of the New Theatre, which is to eschew the star system, will see their way clear to produce his last comedy, "Kate"; and it may be that this, when we see it on the stage, will turn out to be his masterpiece. But, whatever the fate of his plays in the future, the place that Bronson Howard will hold in the history of the American drama is secure; and secure also is his place in the memory of all who had the good fortune to possess his friendship.

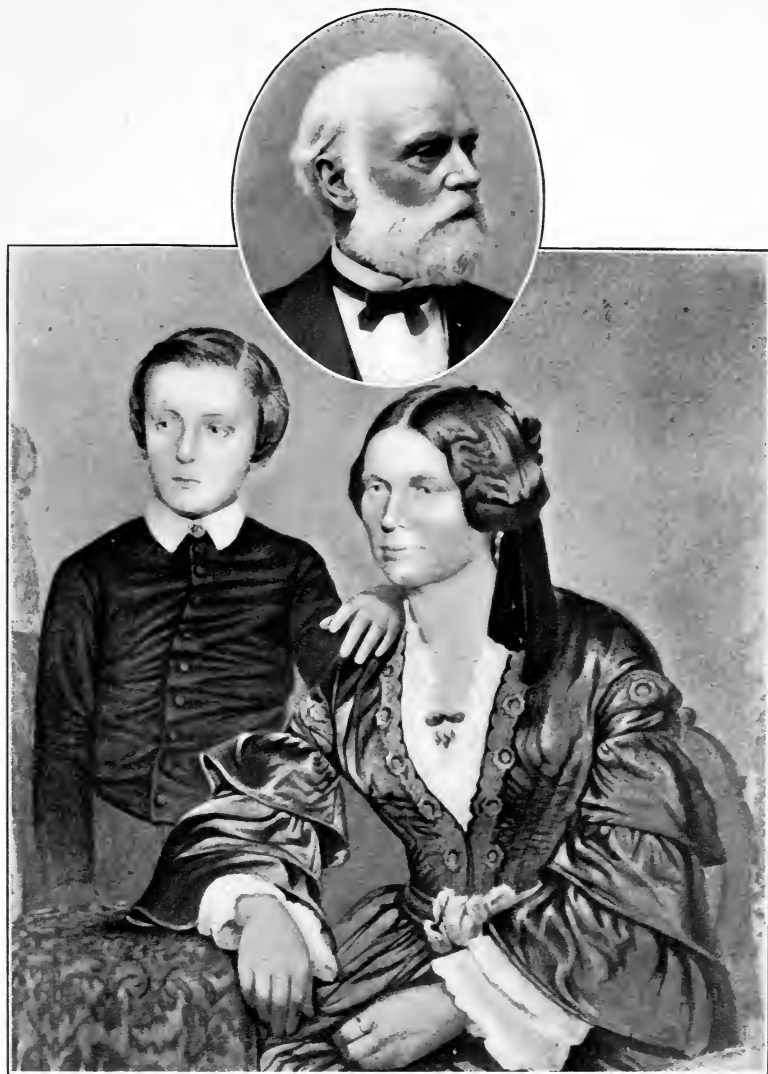
[From the North American Review for October, 1908.]

A BRIEF BIOGRAPHY

BY HARRY P. MAWSON

BRONSON CROCKER HOWARD, founder of the American Dramatists Club, died at Avon-by-the-Sea, New Jersey, on the 4th of August, 1908, in his sixty-sixth year. He was born in Detroit, Michigan, October 7, 1842, the son of Charles Howard and Elizabeth Vosburg. The family on the father's side traces itself back to the Howards of Norfolk, Premier dukes of England. Bronson Howard's great grandfather, Seabury Howard, came to this country in the middle of the eighteenth century, an ensign in the British army; he fought in the campaign of 1759 under General Wolfe against the French, and took part in the capture of Quebec. When the colonies rose against England sixteen years later, he joined the American army, and fell, under the eye of General Washington, in the bloody apple orchard at Monmouth in 1778, fighting for the American cause. Mr. Howard's mother came of that Dutch blood which has added so much of steadfastness and solidity to the American character. It survived splendidly in her son.

Charles Howard, the father of Bronson Howard, was a prosperous and well known merchant in Detroit, and mayor of the city in 1849. In appearance and



CHARLES HOWARD, FATHER OF BRONSON HOWARD

Photo by Randall, Detroit

BRONSON HOWARD AND MARGARET ELIZABETH HOWARD, HIS MOTHER

From a Daguerreotype



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characteristics the son resembled the father. If Charles Howard believed himself to be in the right, no matter at what personal loss, he would carry out his plans as he formed them. With Bronson Howard it was the same over again. Upon the death of Charles Howard in 1883, the common council of Detroit passed a highly eulogistic set of resolutions expressing the great loss the city had suffered through his passing away.

Bronson Howard remained in Detroit up to 1858, attending the local schools. He was then sent to Russell's Institute at New Haven, Connecticut, with the intention of entering Yale University, but before he could matriculate an affection of the eyes brought his student period to a close. He then returned to Detroit and began to write for the Detroit newspapers, although his father had planned a merchant's career for him like his own. His first writings were humorous sketches for the *Detroit Free Press*, which were printed anonymously, and like many another of the writers for the *Press* he began to think of writing plays. He did write a number of plays which never saw the light of day. He was learning his trade. The first play of his handiwork which saw the footlights was "Fantine," a hastily written dramatization founded on the tragic episode of the unfortunate mother of Cosette, the child-wife of Marius, in Victor Hugo's "Les Misérables." It had a little run in his native city.

In 1865 Mr. Howard came to New York and began his journalistic work as a reporter on the *Tribune*, which was then presided over by Horace Greeley.

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Until 1872 he worked steadily as a reporter, going from the *Tribune* to the *Post*; but his ambition to become a playwright never abated. Soon after he came to New York he began work on a play. When it was finished, he tried in vain for a whole year to get it read by any manager. He decided to give the play up and try his hand at another. His second creation he sent to Lester Wallack, then the leader of the great stock company of the time. It had no better luck than the first, but he could neither recover the manuscript nor, to his great grief, get a judgment on it. He frequently told in a humorous way how Lester's son Arthur, after a long belated house-cleaning at the old theatre, sent the manuscript back to him just twenty years after he had sent it there. For four years Mr. Howard wrote plays for managers' waste-baskets, but was not daunted by his failures.

Success was, however, coming over the hill for Bronson Howard. He began another play in a light vein, which he sent in 1870 to Laura Keane, the great comedienne of that day. She returned the manuscript with a note saying it was unsuited to her needs, but commending it so highly that Mr. Howard took the manuscript and note to Augustin Daly, who had then become manager of the Fifth Avenue Theatre. After reading the play, Mr. Daly called it "Saratoga" and consented to produce it. When Mr. Howard consulted his father as to what he should do about getting a contract from Mr. Daly, his father told him, "Get your play produced, and make yourself a dramatist. Your

contracts and the others that will follow it will take care of themselves, if the play succeeds." It did indeed succeed. Its light, bright wit and clever characteristics took the town. It ran 101 nights, at that time a phenomenal run, and made what looked like a small fortune for the writer and a great deal more for the producer. The play was afterwards produced in London and made a hit there under the name of "Brighton," Sir Charles Wyndham appearing in the part of *Bob Sackett*.

Indeed, so great was its success that Sir Charles (then Mr.) Wyndham, in order to continue its run, moved the play from theatre to theatre a number of times, the time at any one theatre not being available for it. Mr. Wyndham also produced this play in Germany, acting the part of *Bob Sackett* in German, and Mr. Howard tells in a letter to his father of going to see his own play at the German Theatre and being the only man in the audience who could not understand a word of what was said.

After this success, fame and fortune smiled on Bronson Howard, who was then only twenty-eight years old. His hard work and steady plodding had not been in vain. The independence of his spirit had kept him from applying to his father for help amid his early disappointments and humiliations, such as the budding playwright so often experiences at the stage-door of bumptious or indifferent managers and at the hands of actors. His trials had not been without touches of poverty, for he often told with pride that in his second

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or third year in New York, he had forgotten which, he was too poor to buy himself an overcoat that he sorely needed.

The success of "Saratoga" inspired him with a new energy, and he began to write with more color and more boldness than ever before. Mr. Howard's next great success was the play familiar to a generation or more of American theatregoers, "The Banker's Daughter,"—first called "Lilian's Last Love,"—which was produced in Chicago under the latter title in 1873. In 1878 the little classic called "Old Love Letters" appeared, and was played with great success at Abbey's Theatre with Agnes Booth in the leading part. Subsequently Mr. Howard wrote "Fun in a Green-room" for the Saulsbury Troubadours, which was the beginning in this country of the craze for farce comedy with music. It also succeeded. He then wrote "Baron Rudolph" for W. J. Florence, but it was finally obtained by George S. Knight, who toured the country with it to the profit of both author and actor. In 1882 was written "Young Mrs. Winthrop," which was a gentle return to the society play in which Mr. Howard made his first success and which was played by Dr. Mallory's company for a long time and is even now popular in stock companies. Three years later the society comedy, "One of Our Girls," was written for Helen Dauvray and produced with great success at the old Lyceum Theatre. Miss Dauvray was charming and sparkling in the leading part. F. F. Mackay played a wicked French nobleman with great success.

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It was in this play, too, that E. H. Sothern made his first great hit with the New York public. It ran for an entire season.

"Met by Chance" was also written by Mr. Howard for Miss Dauvray, but it did not meet with the same measure of success. One never can tell. All the prognostics were in its favor. Mr. Howard read the manuscript in the office of Judge Dittenhoefer before a select committee of experts, all of whom pronounced the play one of his very best, and yet when it was produced not one of their hopes was realized.

In the theatrical world there are two things that travel equally fast—the success or failure of a play. Before "Met by Chance" had been produced Mr. Howard had already signed a contract to write a play for Robson and Crane. After "Met by Chance" had met its fate Mr. Crane wired Mr. Howard to come to Washington, where he was then playing. Mr. Howard responded promptly, declaring that he knew why he had been sent for—the failure of "Met by Chance" had discouraged them and they wanted to cancel the contract.

"Just the reverse, my boy," said Crane. "Get right to work; this is the time to write your greatest success."

Well, in 1887 came "The Henrietta," perhaps the first of the Wall Street plays, in which Robson and Crane had parts so exactly fitted to them and in which the two actors played for many years with the greatest success. Mr. Howard often related, with just pride,

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that from the reading to the production of this play, so careful had been his work upon it, just one word was changed from the manuscript as he submitted it.

Probably the most popular of Mr. Howard's plays, and the one that brought him the greatest revenue and perhaps endeared him and made him more generally known to the American public, was the great war play "Shenandoah," produced in 1889 in New York at the old Star Theatre. The first draft of this historic play was brought out by the late Montgomery Field at the Boston Museum.

All the then important New York managers went over to Boston to see it, but it impressed them as unfavorably as it did the Boston critics. Mr. Howard finally asked Mr. Field whether he would go on with it, and Mr. Field declined the proposition; upon which "Shenandoah" was looked upon as so much waste material. Let it be said that "Shenandoah" itself was built upon a play by Mr. Howard produced at Macauley's Theatre in Louisville, Kentucky, at least twenty years before. About four or five months after the Boston production Mr. Howard received a letter from Charles Frohman in which he proceeded to say that he had not put himself forward in competition with the older and more important managers, but that he had faith in the play, and that if Mr. Howard would make certain changes which had suggested themselves to him he would be glad to arrange for a New York production. Mr. Howard at once fell in with Mr. Frohman's ideas.



Photo by Randall, Detroit
AT SIXTEEN YEARS OLD



Photo by Bundy, New Haven
BRONSON HOWARD AT TWENTY-THREE YEARS OLD



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Mr. Frohman saw that in it which the others had overlooked—the germ of a great popular success. But he also saw that it lacked certain emphasizing of strong points little more than suggested in the first draft. The success of “Shenandoah” is part of the history of the American stage. It laid the foundation of Mr. Charles Frohman’s fortune as well as putting him at the head of America’s producing managers. It also made Mr. Howard a rich man. At a dinner given to Mr. Howard by the American Dramatists Club, Mr. Al. Hayman related that he and Mr. Frohman had paid Mr. Howard over \$100,000 for the first year’s royalties. First and last it probably yielded him a quarter of a million; but, with his prudent character and natural modesty and sweetness of disposition, his increase of material prosperity did not change the man nor alter his mode of living from that of a simple, large-hearted American gentleman. With an ample income from his work, Mr. Howard had lived well for many years. His great gains from “Shenandoah” were to him no excuse for extravagance; they were rather a buttress against the future and the source of his pleasure in helping others. He was seldom heard to allude to his gains in any form, and never by way of boasting—a thing entirely foreign to his nature.

In 1892, “Aristocracy” followed. This piece, which contained some of his very best writing, and which treated the subject of the hunting of American heiresses by unscrupulous titled foreigners, was produced at Palmer’s Theatre. It drew large houses for

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a time, and is still occasionally acted, but opinions were divided about its larger merits. "Peter Stuyvesant" was written in collaboration with Mr. Brander Matthews for Mr. William H. Crane, and was also produced at Palmer's Theatre.

There are two humorous incidents in connection with the production of "Peter Stuyvesant" that deserve to be told. Mr. Crane found wearing the wooden leg so irksome that one night he had a wooden left leg and the next a wooden right leg. In fact, he told this writer that even had the play gained the success he had hoped for it he could not have continued its run any great length of time, as the pressure from the doubled-up leg was too great to be borne and might result in a permanent injury. Its run would then have halted anyway.

The other incident is that when Mr. Howard had recovered sufficiently from the chagrin common to all dramatists, even the greatest, who write a failure, so as to see humor in the situation, a brother dramatist, knowing that Mr. Howard could stand a joke at his own expense with as keen a sense of enjoyment as at another's, intimated that the failure of "Peter Stuyvesant" had nothing to do with the wooden leg worn by the old Dutch Patroon, but because it was a wooden play. Nothing could equal the glint of fun that came into that blue eye. He roared over the idea, and when his merriment had subsided he said with a chuckle, "I must tell that to Brander."

Others of Mr. Howard's plays were "Hurricanes,"

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"Wives" (a composite of three of Molière's comedies), "Diamonds," and "Moorcroft."

"Kate," the last play Mr. Howard wrote, has never been acted, but was published in book form by the Harpers. It is a comedy of English country-house life, with a final act in America. It calls for a stock company, which at the time of its writing did not exist. It may be said that although Mr. Howard sometimes wrote for stars, he often said that the star system, particularly in its latter day extremes, tended to the degradation of the drama, and to want of balance and impoverishment in the dramatist's work.

From the time he began to devote himself entirely to plays, Mr. Howard was a prolific though never a hurried writer, and in a period of nearly forty years he averaged one play every two years. He excelled in writing parts "to fit" the peculiarities of certain actors and actresses. He also combined the literary man with the successful playwright in a marked degree.

In recent years Mr. Howard delivered many thoughtful addresses on the drama, not all of which have, unfortunately, been preserved. His last public appearance was at the laying of the cornerstone of Mr. David Belasco's Stuyvesant Theatre in this city. He had not long returned from a trip to Egypt, whither he had gone in search of health. There was an unusual pessimistic note in his address, but it soon died away in a warmer tone, more characteristic of the man, rising at last into a vein of prophecy that there is every hope will be fully borne out. He said:

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The future temple of the drama also arises in a desert,—a dreary desert of English literature that covers the entire English-speaking world and stretches back more than half a century ; a desert of letters which has its own deceptions and optical illusions, making small men appear big and magnifying our great men beyond their real greatness. It is a broad, flat desert of literary sage-brush and scrub-oak, with here and there a solitary mountain and a group of grand trees.

But while there is in verity a temple arising in a place of desolation, I will venture on a cheerful prophecy, and, mind you, even the weather reports are looked upon as prophecies. The brilliant indications shown by our younger writers for the stage who are now crowding to the front, eager, earnest, and persistent, with their eyes on the future and not the past, coming from every walk of life, from universities and all other sources of active thought, are the basis of my prophecy. It is this : in all human probability the next great revival of literature in the English language will be in the theatre. The English-speaking world has been gasping for literary breath, and now we begin to feel a coming breeze. I may not live to enjoy it fully, but every man of my own age breathes the air more freely already. Let us hope that the drama of this century will yet redeem our desert of general literature. The waters of our Nile are rising.

Mr. Howard, in all his many successful plays, never attempted to score a success by unworthy methods. His plays were clean and wholesome, and he never found it necessary to descend to vulgarity or immorality. Great situations could, he held, be reached without them. In speaking on this subject a dozen years ago, he explained his position as follows :

Many modern plays have a great influence over the emotional side of human nature. A nation may stand pre-eminent

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for the products of intellectual endeavor, and at the same time its civilization, from an emotional standpoint, may not be above that of the American Indian. Rome, for instance, excelled in architecture and law, yet its citizens could enjoy the sight of human beings butchering each other and the butchering of wild beasts in a public arena. Plays in which the noble side of manhood and womanhood are exalted, while meanness, cowardice, and all the degrading traits of humanity are held up to public contempt,—such plays must necessarily have an ennobling influence. Where playgoing is so prevalent as in this country, plays that laud virtue and denounce vice contribute largely to the evolution of proper emotion. It would be difficult to estimate how much cruelty and barbarism have been eradicated from the world at large through the appeal of the drama to the better side of human nature.

In the death of Mr. Howard the New York stage lost a man who was more closely identified than any other dramatist with the successful careers of the actors of a score of years ago. It was in plays written by him that many of the actors of the Daly and Palmer stock companies made the hits which started them on their careers as stars in later years, and to him such men as Crane, Robson, Lewis, Thorne, and a host of others were indebted for his great ability in fitting them with parts in which they could establish their reputations. Although many years have elapsed since a new play came from his pen, and the great successes of the past no longer please the multitude, Mr. Howard has left behind him a record for clean, wholesome plays which the younger generation may well try to equal.

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Mr. Howard was married in 1880 to Miss Alice Wyndham, a sister of Sir Charles Wyndham, the renowned English actor and manager. He was president and founder of the American Dramatists Club, and a member of the Players, the Lotos, and Authors clubs of New York, the Green Room Club of London, the Prismatic Club of Detroit, and a life-member of the Actors' Fund. He was vice-president of the Copyright League.

The founding of the American Dramatists Club, the sole institution of its kind in the world, grew out of a dinner given to the late Mr. Charles Gaylor, the veteran dramatist of the day, by Mr. Howard at the old Lotos Club, on December 15, 1891. As a matter of historic interest, Mr. Howard's letter of invitation is given. It bears all the touch of kindness in his nature and reverence for achievement in his own field. He wrote:

NEW ROCHELLE, N. Y., November 18, 1891.

My Dear Gaylor:

I heard with sorrow of your recent illness, and am glad to hear of your recovery. I trust you are now well enough for me to carry out a plan I have had in mind some time.

I was talking with a number of the younger playwrights not long ago at the Lambs Club, and they all expressed their interest in meeting you as the senior of our guild. We have at last become a body of dramatists with a promising future; and it seems to us that there is no way to emphasize the fact so well as to gather around our oldest member, who bore for us the early and hardest part of the struggle.

I should like to ask as many American dramatists as I can

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get together to meet you at a supper at the Lotos Club. Will you give us all that pleasure? I will suggest the evening of December 15 as a generally convenient one, but have no choice myself. If another evening be more agreeable to your own plans, pray let me know.

I remain, with kindest regards,

Sincerely yours,

BRONSON HOWARD.

To this festivity Mr. Howard brought all the producing dramatists within reach, and there and then it was resolved that it was good for those who wrote plays for the American stage to get together in a spirit of fellowship, and for whatever artistic or business ends discussion and experience might suggest. It is well to look over that muster roll of 1891. There were present, Chandos Fulton, T. R. Sullivan, Franklin Fyles, E. E. Kidder, Benjamin F. Roeder, Walter C. Bellows, A. Grattan Donnelly, Clyde Fitch, Alfred Roland Haven, Howard P. Taylor, Paul M. Potter, Maurice Barrymore, Joseph Howard, Jr., Richard Neville, G. Cheever Goodwin, Henry C. de Mille, Edward M. Alfriend, Augustus Pitou, Will R. Wilson, G. C. Roach, C. A. Byrne, Anson Pond, C. W. Keller, Charles Foster, William C. Hudson, Sydney Rosenfeld, Clay M. Greene, Charles Barnard, Albert Ellery Berg, John E. Wilson, Archibald G. Gunter, B. B. Valentine, and David Belasco.

At first it was merely a dinner club, organized to hold monthly meetings of fellowship and generally have a good time. Mr. Howard was elected president.

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Organization followed gradually, and by-and-by a constitution and by-laws were debated and adopted. Then regular incorporation under State law took place. It had a home of its own. The monthly dinners became shop-talk suppers, and two or three times each season the club entertained at a banquet some man prominent in the theatrical world, sometimes a manager, sometimes a leading actor. To Mr. Howard these gracious activities did not suffice. The protection to the dramatist of the fruits of his work, whether as regarded the manager to whom he sold the right to produce his play or against the pirates who stole it without paying a cent, was a cardinal point in Mr. Howard's programme. For the first, a model contract was drawn, but it did not fit well into the conditions of the period and it had little practical effect. With piracy it was a different matter. The law gave little or no protection to the author or owner, and operated only at great cost. The first thing needful was to obtain an amendment to the Federal copyright law which should treat the theft of a play like the theft of a ham, making it in fact a criminal offense, and secondly making an injunction against the pirate of a copyrighted play run in every judicial district in the country instead merely of the one in which the action was brought. The club backed Mr. Howard strongly in this first fight, and in many that followed. In all of these contests for dramatic rights, which involved a battle before Congress and in the legislatures of fourteen States in the Union, no factor was more potent than Mr. Howard's personal

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influence. The mere fact that his name appeared as president of the club and leader of the movement was a power in itself, because legislators in Congress and at State capitals had come to understand that any cause fathered by Bronson Howard must be a just one. He had the subject very much at heart. During a two years' absence from the country on account of ill health, the news that he most looked for and that cheered him most was the progress of the anti-piracy laws in the various States. Now and again when some of the club members (as did happen) showed an indifference or a lack of knowledge upon this important matter, it caused the only ruffings of Mr. Howard's very even temper witnessed in the almost twenty years of his presidency. Mr. Howard's enthusiasm was all the more praiseworthy and unselfish because for a number of years prior to his passing away he had practically retired from play-writing. The copyright laws more nearly concerned the younger men who were coming up, and as some of these often allowed the propaganda for the protection of their property to go unaided, Mr. Howard did not view their indifferent attitude with patience. But it all only served to keep him in the fight, because he realized that some day there would be an awakening to the importance of the copyright cause, and then he could be conscious that he had done his duty. This reverence for duty was the keynote of Mr. Howard's life.

The first delegation to Washington on the copyright question, in December, 1896, was led by Mr. Howard.

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It consisted of J. I. C. Clarke, Franklin Fyles, Daniel Frohman, Nelson Wheatcroft, Harrison Grey Fiske, Charles Klein, A. M. Palmer, David Belasco, T. Henry French, and A. J. Dittenhoefer, counsel.

Hearings had been arranged before the committees on Patents of the Senate and House, and they proved highly interesting, few of the committeemen having the slightest knowledge of the subject on which they were asked to legislate. The addresses were intently listened to, however, and the light began to dawn.

It was Mr. Howard who inspired Hon. A. J. Dittenhoefer, the learned counsel of the club, to draft the proposed amendment making the piracy of a play a misdemeanor, with an imprisonment proviso which placed upon the statute books of the world for the first time such a punishment for the theft of dramatic property. The amendment became a law at the succeeding session of Congress.

If there was nothing else in Mr. Howard's long career and association with the cause of copyright than this clause, known as Section 4966 of the Revised Statutes, and which is the dominating feature of the copyright act just enacted by Congress, it would be a great monument to his memory.

Never before in the history of the American Congress had any small body of writers gone to Washington and without lobbying passed a bill that revolutionized the whole status of the ownership of the product of the dramatist's brains. The importance of the club was recognized everywhere, and its further efforts in the

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various States to secure similar protection for plays held by the authors under the common law—that is to say, plays which had not been copyrighted—were comparatively easy. A committee on legislation, over which Mr. Howard watched like a careful father, was formed, and kept up a righteous activity.

The passage of Section 4966 by Congress was celebrated by the dramatists and managers of the United States by a banquet at old Delmonico's. Members of the United States Senate and House of Representatives active in the passage of the bill, Judges of the Supreme Court interested in the drama as well as its legal status, the most influential managers and the leading actors of the day, were there. The addresses were long, if learned, and the air was full of congratulations for the American dramatists and their president. It was a great though perhaps an unusually ponderous occasion, but it may be said that never before nor since were so many distinguished people gathered to do honor to what had theretofore been a much misunderstood and slighted question.

As soon as Mr. Howard saw the club fairly on its feet, he began to think of forming a library which he should deed to it when he took his leave. Upon the opening of his will it was found that Mr. Howard had left all of his dramatic literature to the Dramatists Club, with a reversionary interest to Columbia University as hereinafter shown, and the sum of \$5000 as an endowment fund to maintain and extend the collection.

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Mr. Howard's last appearance among his fellow members was at the housewarming of the club room in 45th Street on January 23, 1908. It was noticed then that he maintained himself among the guests and friends of the club with great effort, and it saddened those who loved him most to realize that his visits to the organization he so dearly loved were thereafter to be few and far between. Mr. Howard's last public appearance was at a meeting of the Playgoers Club, where, at the earnest solicitation of Mrs. A. M. Palmer, he delivered an address upon the classic drama. Mr. Howard got through the evening only by super-human effort of will power, and he never again was his old self.

Mr. Howard's decline in health, which was the result of a serious cardiac affection, may perhaps be traced back to one of his outdoor pleasures. When bicycling was the rage, Mr. Howard became an enthusiastic cyclist. He loved nature; he loved the close companionship of his friends; and the bicycle provided him with both. He took many tours in this country, and together with Mr. Daniel Frohman and Dr. Louis Livingston Seaman toured France and Germany and other parts of Europe on the wheel. Mr. William Gillette was also a frequent member of this cycling party. But Mr. Howard did not reckon with advancing years, and the result was a very serious nervous prostration which for more than two years kept him at death's door. Through his own fortitude and the loving care of Mrs. Howard, he was, however, suffi-

ciently restored in health to return to his native land. As he related it himself, he had gone from bad to worse as he was borne from one foreign land to another. It seemed hopeless, and it was at last decided that he should be taken home. "Home!" the word was magic. The thought worked wonders. His spirits rose, his bodily strength responded. On landing from Europe, he went almost directly to California,—there was a short wayside stay at Detroit,—and by the waves of the Pacific the seeming miracle of an almost complete restoration of his former vigor, a restoration which lasted a number of years, was wrought. "It was wrought," Mr. Howard used to say, "by the thought of coming home. Home, the word that cannot be translated into any other language—that was the tonic I needed. It was a godsend once more to be surrounded not merely by people I knew, but by those who could speak the tongue I understood."

Before his leaving for southern California, the American Dramatists Club celebrated by an impressive dinner at Delmonico's Mr. Howard's restoration to the bosom of his friends. None of those present can ever forget the heart-throb that all felt when Mr. Howard rose in response to the toast of his health proposed in few but feeling words by the first vice-president, J. I. C. Clarke. It is certain that no heartier cheers ever echoed within the walls of that famous hostelry. It was often a cause for comment by Mr. Howard's fellow members that no matter what the occasion, nor how late into the night or the morning it lasted, Mr.

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Howard was always the last to leave a gathering at the club-room. It was one of his standing jokes. No matter who lagged behind, Mr. Howard's foot was always the last to leave the room, and those who were accustomed to this little comedy on our dear president's part were always amused to watch his maneuvering not to be deprived of his little bit of fun. Although Mr. Howard had been absent for almost two years when the welcome-home dinner was given at Delmonico's, this writer well remembers Mr. Howard's placing his hand upon the banister and waiting until several of the guests had gone a number of steps down stairs before he moved off the landing.

At the monthly club meetings, over which Mr. Howard presided practically for sixteen years without a break, there was nothing that gave Mr. Howard so much pleasure as to gather about him the younger members and listen to their triumphs and—with just as much interest—to their woes. And when, as was frequently the case, the recital was not altogether a joyous one, Mr. Howard would make it brighter for the teller by recounting his own struggles and disappointments and humiliations and heartaches; for Mr. Howard had well within him the knowledge that “a fellow feeling makes us wondrous kind.”

One of the notable features of Mr. Howard's character was his intense Americanism, and yet it was not flamboyant or demonstrative; it was firmly rooted in the man's nature. He loved a democracy because the underlying principles spoke to him of the equality

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and the true brotherhood of man. He had been a Republican in politics ever since the party was founded, and although the politics of the Democracy usually provoked a smile, no one ever heard him rail against a political opponent because of his political bias. He had acute perception of the great human problems which sooner or later become food for political discussion and action.

On his first visit to England he was struck by the woe-begone and pitiful expression of many people he saw on the streets of London, who dared not beg, but held out boxes of matches for sale and touched their hats as one went by. This is what he had to say about it in a letter to his father:

Whatever the cause may be,—whether it lies in the form of government, the laws, or the tenure of land,—the system of English society has thus far resulted in a fearful inequality in the distribution of wealth. I have observed this, not in the spirit of criticism or prejudice, but as a simple matter of fact—a fact thrust upon my attention at every turn. The most serious thought which it brings to my mind is this: If we can discover the reason of it, the more attention we give it in America the better. It is possible, if not probable, that timely forethought, while our own nation is still young, may save us from a similar unfortunate condition as a people.

It shows that Mr. Howard was not only a dramatist but a keen observer of the drama of life, and thus it was that his plays showed a stern alignment of facts out of which the drama grew logical, forceful, and sympathetic.

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Mr. Howard's manner of work was method itself. He never wrote a line of dialogue until he had established the action of his play so soundly upon its feet that it could be told in pantomime. He said that he seldom put pen to paper for the first three months of preparing a play. He had a system of charts drawn upon cards of about six by four inches, and on each of these cards was elaborated a series of squares much like a chess-board, each card representing a scene of a play. Upon these little chess-boards Mr. Howard worked about his characters until all of them knew their places. Then he was ready to write dialogue and put words into the mouths of his characters. It generally took him two years to produce a play. Of course this is interesting as showing the methodical and businesslike habits of the man. As Mr. Howard himself frequently remarked, he did not hold it up as a method for any other dramatist to follow, merely that it was the one best suited to himself. And, he used to add grimly, it was "not an infallible method of constructing a successful play," for, in spite of his method, he met his failures. If there was one thing about Mr. Howard's character more attractive than another to his friends, it was his total lack of anything that savored of conceit. He knew his fame and valued it; but he knew the game of life so well that he could not be a boaster, realizing, as he said, that "at every turn in life there is a new problem to solve, and it may mean the most disaster to those most experienced."



Photo by Howell, New York

BRONSON HOWARD AT TWENTY-EIGHT YEARS OLD



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In person Mr. Howard was about the average height, somewhat stockily built, very simple and neat in his attire and frugal in all his habits. There was one dominating and alluring feature of his personality that charmed and held young and old alike; that was his clear blue eye, out of which came the keen, searching, yet friendly and humorous glance. He seldom if ever spoke without thinking beforehand what he was going to say, and, when he said it, he had his argument ready if contradicted; and this writer, who is proud of the friendship of over twenty years, never heard any one yet get the better of Bronson Howard in an argument. In fact, it was often remarked by his friends that he had the judicial mind in a remarkable degree, and had his studies or tastes drawn him toward the law he must have made a great and noble judge.

In the autumn months of 1907 Mr. Howard failed perceptibly, his weakened heart enforcing the greatest restraint on his movements. This he endured with surprising patience, for his daily life had been one of considerable activity, and the irk of idleness lay heavy upon him. Through the winter months he had even to deny himself to most of his well-wishing friends, but to those who did see him the brightness of his welcome was undimmed, and his interest in the world outside as keen as ever.

In the springtime, the tender devotion of those about him was rewarded by a gain in strength, so that, when summer came, his removal from his city residence over-

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looking the Hudson River to Avon-by-the-Sea, a cottage settlement on the New Jersey coast, gave every promise of restored health. He was comfortably lodged there in the cottage of his nephew, Dr. Waterman, within arrowshot of the breakers, and gained slowly but surely in vigor.

Toward the end of July came one of those overpowering "hot spells," which are one of our climatic peculiarities particularly trying to weak hearts, and at the end of it, on the morning of August fourth, the end of life came with swiftness to the patient sufferer. It was mercifully painless.

The news of his passing away made a painful impression everywhere, most painful of all to those who loved him best. Hundreds of his personal friends who would have hastened to honor his dead clay were scattered over the country or beyond the ocean. All who could do so had fled the city during the spell of oppressive heat. It was, then, not a large band that gathered for the quiet funeral on Friday, August 7th, but it was one of loving hearts. Well will it be remembered of all present. Rain was falling heavily, and there was a mist out to sea that afternoon when the mourners gathered. On the ample vine-covered porch, with votive wreaths and flowers piled around it, was the coffin of the master dramatist, and he had fallen asleep. Before the beautiful funeral service of the Episcopal Church was held, Howard Kyle read Bryant's "Thanatopsis" with deep feeling, and tears were many. The body was borne to

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the local cemetery, there to remain until October 8, when Mr. Howard's widow accompanied it to Detroit for final interment close to those who gave him birth. America's clay does not hold for the last trump the remains of one more loved and deserving of love by his race and generation.

A REMINISCENCE

BY DANIEL FROHMAN

ABOUT ten years ago Mr. Bronson Howard, Major Louis Livingston Seaman, and I started from Trafalgar Square, London, on a bicycle tour for the south of England, to the Channel Islands, Normandy, Paris, Switzerland, the Rhine country, and Holland. On the way south from London, Henry Arthur Jones, then also an enthusiastic cyclist, accompanied us for several days. The two months' experience abroad is an unforgettable memory; not only the novelty of the tour and the method of making it, but from the companionship of Mr. Howard. Those who knew him intimately would understand the charm of his society and the interesting educational quality of his association amid scenes which lent themselves to a revelation of his knowledge of each country, its people and its history. But our experiences had their humorous side also, which the limit of this article forbids detailing. Many hotels in the larger towns where we had planned to spend several days, and whither our trunks had been expressed, refused to take us in. The landlord saw in us only a species of tramps who traveled on bicycles to save railroad fares, and naturally expected no means of profit in our entertainment:

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Where surly porters stand in guilty state
To spurn imploring famine from the gate.

From an exterior view (we called it a "cursory" view) they could not see that we were likely to want the best they had. But these happenings were exceedingly amusing to Mr. Howard. At some inns, however, where shelter was accorded us, they frequently thought we were American princes in disguise, especially when they could not satisfy us with a four-cent cigar, their high-priced average. They thought we reached the heights of extravagance when we bought ten or fifteen cent cigars (rare vintages), and they were equally startled when we insisted upon having the best local wines.

All this happened before the great continental cycling craze had set in, and thus in a sense we were pioneers. Mr. Howard had his Baedeker constantly before him, affixed to his handle bars, ready to stop at every church, castle, or graveyard that was "starred" in the famous guide-book. The frequent stops, due to his discovery of important local historical points, brought many delays, and prevented us often from reaching the eagerly sought inns until too late for the impending dinner. These delays were nevertheless fraught with much interest. Nothing escaped Mr. Howard's searching scrutiny. All phases of life and of death, every old castle and crumbling ruin, gave our dear mentor opportunities for dissertation and information.

During our two-thousand-mile journey awheel, we

A REMINISCENCE

learned not only to know each other, but to know him with an affection and admiration in which Dr. Seaman and I enthusiastically participated. One of our halting-places was at a charming inn, with a large garden, at Interlaken. While we were at dinner, in the leafy garden, with the snow-topped Jungfrau burying her white face in a cloudless sky, each of us contributed a rhyming couplet to a few supposedly comic composite verses commemorative of the view, to send to our respective homes.

Last summer Major Seaman spent a few days at the same place, and in memory of our former visit sent me a postal card with some lines partly paraphrased from those of our earlier visit. These lines will make a suitable closing to this, my small and inadequate tribute to a great man and a loyal, affectionate friend:

“We sit inspired at the Jungfrau’s feet,
And gaze with rapture at her upturned face;
Her frapped nose is upward turned, to meet
The moonbeams that around it interlace.”
’Tis many years ago that soldiers three,
Of fortune, these most jocund verses rhymed;
Two at the mountain’s feet remain below,
The other to a higher sphere has climbed.
His memory, like the beauteous edelweiss,
Snowy without and purest gold within,
Inspires within us tender thoughts of days
Made happy by his life, untouched by sin.

THE LIBRARY BEQUESTS

IT has been heretofore noted that Bronson Howard had long designed to bequeath his dramatic library to the club he had founded. That he would add to this rich gift a fund for the care and extension of the library was unexpected, and the announcement was accordingly hailed with the greatest pleasure. The passages in Mr. Howard's will referring to these matters are as follows:

I give and bequeath unto the American Dramatists Club all my books of plays and all my books bearing on or concerning the stage or dramatic literature, and all other books in my library marked by me with dramatic references; and I wish and request that the said books be kept by the said American Dramatists Club separate from its regular library, and that the collection, with such additions of books and pictures as may hereafter be made, be known as "THE BRONSON HOWARD COLLECTION FOR AMERICAN DRAMATISTS."

It is my wish and desire, in the event of my beloved wife, who is herein appointed executrix, deeming it advisable and leaving it absolutely to her discretion, that she give the sum of \$5,000 to the American Dramatists Club to invest the said sum for the following uses and purposes: To apply the income arising from the said investment to the purchase of books or pictures to be added to the above named "The Bronson Howard Collection for American Dramatists."

THE LIBRARY BEQUESTS


Separate passages provide that in case the American Dramatists Club should cease to exist, the books and the fund should go to the Columbia University Library subject to the same conditions as to separate keeping and under the same title as above provided.

The books are now in the keeping of the American Dramatists Club at their clubroom, enclosed in the original bookcases. Mrs. Howard, in pursuance of her understanding of her revered husband's will, has come to an arrangement with the Trustees appointed for the purpose by the American Dramatists Club to pay over to them the interest on an investment of \$5000 during her lifetime, providing also in her will for the continuance of such payment thereafter. The Trustees are Joseph I. C. Clarke, Charles Klein, and Harry P. Mawson.

Thus has the foundation been happily laid for what should prove in time to be the greatest Dramatic Library in the country—one to which all lovers of the dramatic art in America may contribute by gifts of books or money or by bequest in the assurance that the greatest care will be taken in the upkeep and expansion of the library. So will the wishes of the founder best bear fruit.

AMONG HIS BOOKS

BY JOHN ERNEST WARREN, LIBRARIAN

O paraphrase John Keats's immortal line, a fine library is a joy forever. That is what the late Bronson Howard's library, his legacy to the Society of American Dramatists and Composers, is,—fine, and a joy for all time, or until the paper and binding become sere and yellow and the ink fades into nothingness.

It is a collection of many years,—from internal evidence, a most loving collection; not collected to sit and gaze upon, but to be read. There is scarcely a volume in it which is not conscientiously, or lovingly, or expostulatingly, or sympathetically marked or annotated by the alert Faber of Mr. Howard. He must have spent thousands of hours deep in these books. One can picture Mr. Howard, seated, on a winter's night, before a sea-coal or log fire, five fathoms deep in one of these Elizabethan or Restoration dramatists, a thousand leagues and three hundred years away from New York and modern times.

As the eyes trail over this collection, in order to write comprehensively about it, the owner of the eyes is puzzled just how to begin to enumerate its treasures. The best way, perhaps, to start is with a quotation from brave and brilliant Kit Marlowe, the first English

dramatist worthy of the name, who forwarded upon their great careers all the Elizabethans that followed him, even "William the Conqueror." "Infinite riches in a little room"—or rooms; for there are twenty-five little rooms, or cases, holding this collection.

The gem of the collection seems to be "The Dramatick Works of William Shakespeare, with Notes of all the Various Commentators. Printed Complete from the Best Editions of Sam Johnson and Geo. Stevens." 20 volumes, large paper; full bound in straight-grained old English crimson morocco; richly gilt, gilt edges; with a large number of fine stipple and copper portraits and other illustrations, which include portraits of famous actors and actresses in character—Mrs. Siddons, Abington, Wroughton, Miss Stewart, Miss Farren, Mr. Edwin, Lewis, Parsons, Baddeley, and others; also folding plate of Morris Dancers; an engraving of Shakespeare's house, made in 1786; the real Globe Theatre, the house of so many of Shakespeare's triumphs; and a list of the two thousand subscribers to the set, headed by George Prince of Wales, Frederick Duke of York, Prince Edward, and the Queen of France, Marie Antoinette. It also contains a fine engraving of Alexander Pope at 24, the names of the original actors in Shakespeare's plays, and many more jewels apart from the plays.

The next gem seems to be Duncombe's edition of "The British Theatre," in 29 volumes, each volume containing the best plays, drama, farces, and comedies of the eighteenth, and the first three decades of the

nineteenth, centuries, with an engraving to each play by the Cruikshank of the period. These engravings mean something. Any one of them suggests a scene to a dramatist.

Then comes Lacy's "Dramatic Costumes, Male and Female," in two splendid volumes, with colored plates showing the costumes of many lands, from (female) 496 to 1656, and (male) from 54 B.C. to 1809. The colors in these plates shame a peacock or a rainbow.

Then there are Lacy's "Acting Plays," in 150 volumes, about ten plays to a volume, a royal library in themselves.

As want of space forbids an extensive essay on this beautiful collection, an enumeration of the other volumes must suffice: The Modern British Drama, 5 vols., 1811 (1616 to 1783), from Shakespeare to Sheridan; Smollett, Fielding, Dr. Johnson; The Tattler and Guardian; Mrs. Cowden-Clarke's Complete Concordance to Shakespeare; Molière, 5 vols.; Molière in French; Doran's Annals of the English Stage, in 2 vols., from Betterton to Edmund Kean; Wycherley, Congreve, Vanbrugh, Farquhar; The English Stage, 10 vols., London, 1832, down from the earliest times to 1830; Ancient British Drama, 3 vols., 1810; French Stage in the 18th Century, Hawkins, 2 vols.; F. T. Low's New York Gazette, from 1885 to 1894, 5 vols.; Beaumont and Fletcher, 10 vols., 1778; Heine's Florentine Nights; Pinero's Plays, 13 vols.; Henry Arthur Jones's Plays, 5 vols.; autographed copy of first edition of Thomas Bailey

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Aldrich's masterpiece, *Margery Daw*; *Memoirs of John Barrister, Comedian, 1760-1863*, 2 vols.; *Idols of the French Stage*, 2 vols., by H. Sutherland Edwards; *The British Stage*, 28 vols.; *The British Theatre*, 28 vols.; *Works of Bacon*, 12 vols., in boards, 1807; *Oxberry's English Drama*, 19 vols., by W. Oxberry, Comedian, with a royal engraving of the great Edmund Kean in his greatest part, *Sir Giles Overreach* (published in 1818, four years subsequent to Kean's comet-like London appearance; price, 1 shilling each; each with a fine engraving of a celebrated star; beautiful set); *Dolby's British Theatre*, 23 vols., in boards, 1824; *Chapman's Works*; *The Origin of the English Drama*, by Thomas Hawkins, M. A., 1773 (it goes back of Gammer Gurton's Needle; filled with quaint woodcuts); *Dodsley's Old English Plays*, 15 vols., edited by W. Carew Hazlitt, 1874; *British Theatre*, by Mrs. Inchbald, 25 vols., 1808; *Bell's British Theatre*, 21 vols., 1780; *English Theatre*, 8 vols., 1776; *Pepys's Diary*; *Evelyn's Diary*; *Gibbon's Decline and Fall*, 7 vols.; *Dramatists of the Restoration*, 14 vols.; *Oxberry's British Drama*, 14 vols., 1822; *The British Drama*, by R. Cumberland, Esquire, 14 vols., 1817; *Plutarch's Lives*, 4 vols., 1883, by Aubrey Stewart, M. A., and George Long, M. A., Trinity College, Cambridge; *Lamb's Works, Complete*, with facsimile of Charles's MS. of *A Dissertation on Roast Pig* (the handwriting of Elia was—or is—remarkably similar to that of Edgar Allan Poe); *The Acting American Theatre*, by

M. Lopez, Prompter of the Philadelphia and Baltimore Theatres; Shakespeare, 40 vols., Ariel edition; Works of Brander Matthews; Works of George Bernard Shaw; Macaulay; Green's Short History; Coleridge; London and Dublin Theatres, 3 vols., by Victor; Garrick's Dramatic Works; Rachel; Molloy's Famous Plays; Disraeli's Curiosities, Amenities, Calamities, Quarrels, and Characters of Men of Genius, 7 vols.; Roscoe's German, Italian and Spanish Novelists; Ibsen; Burgoyne's Plays; Webster's; Massinger's; Ben Jonson's; Christopher Marlowe's; Sheridan Knowles's; Planché's; Richard Borne's; Freytag; Price; Memoirs of Sarah Siddons; Clement Scott's Drama of Yesterday and To-day, 2 vols.; Walter Scott's Essays; Campbell's Life of Mrs. Siddons; Morgan's Study in Warwickshire Dialects; Goodyear's Roman and Mediæval Art; Goodyear's Greek Art; Goodyear's Renaissance and Modern Art; Letters of Lady Mary Wortley Montague; Letters of Madame de Sévigné; Playwright and Copyright in All Countries, by Colles and Hardy; N. P. Willis's Two Ways of Dying for A Husband; Byron's Publications of The Dunlap Society, 14 vols.; History of Roman Literature; 32 fine little paper-covered plays, 1823-24; over 1000 American theatre programmes of the past forty or fifty years; Goldsmith's Works; and sundry manuscripts filling four large drawers.

AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A PLAY

LECTURE DELIVERED BY BRONSON HOWARD AT
SANDERS THEATRE, HARVARD UNIVERSITY, 1886

[“A large audience,” says a Boston morning newspaper, “gathered in Sanders Theatre, Cambridge, last evening, to listen to a lecture by Bronson Howard, of New York, the well known playwright, on the ‘Autobiography of a Play.’ Among the audience were President Eliot, most of the Harvard faculty, and many of the literati of Cambridge. About eight o’clock the speaker appeared on the stage, accompanied by Mr. Henry Dixon-Jones, instructor in elocution, and president of the Harvard Shakespeare Club, under whose auspices the lecture was given. Mr. Jones introduced the speaker with a few fitting remarks. Mr. Howard read his lecture from manuscript in an easy and interesting manner. The numerous points were thoroughly appreciated and liberally applauded.”]

R. PRESIDENT, and Members of the Harvard Shakespeare Club: I have not come to Newcastle with a load of coal, and shall not try to tell the faculty and students of Harvard University anything about the Greek drama or the classical unities. I will remind you of only one thing in that direction, and say even this merely because it has a direct bearing upon some of the practical questions connected with playwrighting which I propose to discuss. Æschylus, Sophocles, and Euripides—perhaps we should give the entire credit, as some authorities do, to

Æschylus—taught the future world the art of writing of a play. But they did not create the laws of dramatic construction. Those laws exist in the passions and sympathies of the human race. They existed thousands of years before the father of the drama was born, waiting, like the other laws of nature, to be discovered and utilized by man.

A lecturer on “Animal Magnetism” failed to make his appearance one night, many years ago, in the public hall of a little town in Michigan, and a gentleman from Detroit consented to fill the vacant place. His lecture began and ended as follows: “Animal magnetism is a great subject, and the less said about it the better; we will proceed to experiments.”

I will take that wise man as my own exemplar to-day, and I will begin by echoing his words: The drama in general is a great subject, and the less I say about it the better; we will proceed to experiments.

It happens that one of my own plays has had a very curious history. It has appeared before the American public in two forms, so radically different that a description of the changes made, and the reasons for making them, will involve a consideration of some very interesting laws of dramatic construction. I shall ask you to listen very carefully to the story, or “plot,” of the piece as it was first produced in Chicago in 1873. Then I shall trace the changes that were made in this story before the play was produced in New York five years later. And after that, to play the part of judges of the same play still further, I shall point

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out briefly the changes which were made necessary by adapting it to English life with English characters for its production at the Court Theatre, London, in 1879.

All the changes which I shall describe to you were forced upon me (as soon as I had decided to make the general alterations in the play) by the laws of dramatic construction; and it is to the experimental application of these laws to a particular play that I ask your attention. The learned professors of Harvard University know much more about them than I do, so far as the study of dramatic literature, from the outside, can give them that knowledge; and the great modern authorities on the subject—Hallam, Lessing, Schlegel, and many others—are open to the students of Harvard in her library,—or rather, shall I say, they lie closed on its shelves. But I invite you to-day to step into a little dramatic workshop instead of a scientific library, and to see an humble workman in the craft trying, with repeated experiments, with failures and wasted time, not to elucidate the laws of dramatic construction, but to obey them, exactly as an inventor (deficient, it may be, in all scientific knowledge) tries to apply the general laws of mechanics to the immediate necessities of the machine he is working out in his mind.

The moment a professor of chemistry has expressed a scientific truth, he must illustrate it at once by an experiment, or the truth will evaporate. An immense amount of scientific truth is constantly evaporated for the want of practical application; the air above every



Photo by Fradelle, London

BRONSON HOWARD AT THIRTY-SIX YEARS OLD (1878)



university in the world is charged with it. But what are the laws of dramatic construction? No one man knows much about them. As I have already reminded you, they bear about the same relation to human character and human sympathies as the laws of nature bear to the material universe. When all the mysteries of humanity have been solved, the laws of dramatic construction can be codified and clearly explained; not until then. But every scientific man can tell you a little about nature, and every dramatist can tell you a little about dramatic truth. A few general principles have been discovered by experiment and discussion. These few principles can be brought to your attention. But after you have learned all that has yet been learned by others, the field of humanity will still lie before you, as the field of nature lies before the scientist, with millions of times more to be discovered, by you or some one else, than has ever yet been known. All I purpose to-night is to show you how certain laws of dramatic construction asserted themselves from time to time as we were making the changes in this play; how they thrust themselves upon our notice; how we could not possibly ignore them; and you will see how a man comes to understand any particular law, after he has been forced to obey it, although, perhaps, he has never heard of it or dreamed of it before.

And let me say here, to the students of Harvard,—I do not presume to address words of advice to the faculty,—it is to you and to others who enjoy the high privilege of liberal education that the American stage

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ought to look for honest and good dramatic work in the future. Let me say to you, then, submit yourselves truly and unconditionally to the laws of dramatic truth, so far as you can discover them by honest mental exertion and observation. Do not mistake any mere defiance of these laws for originality. You might as well show your originality by defying the laws of gravitation. Keep in mind the historical case of Stevenson. When a member of the British Parliament asked him, concerning his new fangled invention, the railroad, whether it would not be very awkward if a cow were on the track when a train came along, he answered, "Very ark'ard, indeed,—for the cow." When you find yourself standing in the way of dramatic truth, my young friends, clear the track! If you don't, the truth can stand it; you can't. Even if you feel sometimes that your genius—that's always the word in the secret vocabulary of our own minds—even if your genius seems to be hampered by these dramatic laws, resign yourself to them at once, with that simple form of Christian resignation so beautifully illustrated by the poor German woman on her death-bed. Her husband being asked, afterward, if she were resigned to her death, responded with that touching and earnest recognition of eternal law, "Mein Gott, she had to be!"

The story of the play, as first produced in Chicago, may be told as follows:

Act first. Scene, New York.—A young girl and a young man are in love, and engaged to be married.

The striking originality of this idea will startle any one who has never heard of such a thing before. Lilian Westbrook and Harold Routledge have a lovers' quarrel. Never mind what the cause of it is. To quote a passage from the play itself: "A woman never quarrels with a man she doesn't love,"—this is one of the minor laws of dramatic construction,—“and she is never tired of quarreling with a man she does love.” I dare not announce this as another law of female human nature; it is merely the opinion of one of my characters—a married man. Of course, there are women who do not quarrel with any one; and there are angels. But, as a rule, the women men feel at liberty to fall in love with do quarrel now and then, and they almost invariably quarrel with their husbands or lovers first; their other acquaintances must be content with their smiles. But when Lilian announces to Harold Routledge that their engagement is broken forever, he thinks that she means to imply that she doesn't intend to marry him.

Women are often misunderstood by our sex, and we frequently do them a sad injustice by judging what they mean by what they say. The relations, so far as there are any, between a woman's tongue and her thoughts form the least understood section, perhaps, of dramatic law. Harold Routledge, almost broken-hearted, bids Lilian farewell, and leaves her presence. Lilian herself, proud and angry, allows him to go, waits petulantly a moment for him to return, then, forlorn and wretched, bursts into the flood of tears

which she intended to shed upon his breast. Under ordinary circumstances, those precious drops would not have been wasted. Young girls, when they quarrel with their lovers, are not extravagant with their tears; they put them carefully to the best possible use; and I dare say some of Lilian's tears would have fallen on a sheet of note-paper, and the stained lines of a letter would have reached Harold by the next post, begging him to come back and to let her forgive him for all she had said to him.

Unfortunately, however, just at this critical juncture in the affairs of love—while Cupid was waiting, hat in hand, to accompany the letter to its destination and keep an eye on the postman—Lilian's father enters. He is on the verge of financial ruin, and he has just received a letter from Mr. John Strebelow, a man of great wealth, asking his daughter's hand in marriage. Mr. Westbrook urges her to accept him, not so much, perhaps, from selfish motives, as because he dreads to leave, in his old age, a helpless girl, trained only to luxury and extravagance, to a merciless world. Lilian, on her part, shudders at the thought of her father renewing the struggle of life when years have exhausted his strength. She knows that she will be the greatest burden that will fall upon him; she remembers her dead mother's love for them both; and she sacrifices her own heart. Mr. Strebelow is a man of about forty years, of unquestioned honor, of noble personal character in every way. Lilian had loved him, indeed, when she was a little child, and she feels that she can

at least respect and reverence him as her husband. Mr. Strebelow marries her without knowing that she does not love him; much less, that she loves another.

Act II. Paris.—Lilian has been married five years, and is residing with her husband in the French capital. As the curtain rises, Lilian is teaching her little child, Natalie, her alphabet. All the warm affection of a woman's nature, suppressed and drawn back upon her own heart, has concentrated itself upon this child. Lilian has been a good wife, and she does reverence her husband as she expected to do. He is a kind, generous, and noble man. But she does not love him as a wife. Mr. Strebelow now enters, and after a little domestic scene the French nurse is instructed to dress the child for a walk with its mother. Strebelow then tells Lilian that he has just met an old friend of hers and of himself—the American artist, Mr. Harold Routledge, passing through Paris on his way from his studio in Rome. He has insisted on a visit from Mr. Routledge, and the two parted lovers are brought face to face by the husband. They are afterward left alone together. Routledge has lived a solitary life, nursing his feelings toward a woman who had heartlessly cast him off, as he thinks, to marry a man merely for his wealth. He is bitter and cruel. But the cruelty to a woman which is born of love for her has a wonderful, an almost irresistible, fascination for the female heart. Under the spell of this fascination, Lilian's old love reasserts its authority against that of her will. She forgets everything except the moment when her

lover last parted from her. She is again the wayward girl that waited for his return. He has returned! and she does what she would have done five years before — she turns, passionately, to throw herself into his arms. At this moment, her little child, Natalie, runs in. Lilian is a mother again, and a wife. She falls to her knees and embraces her child at the very feet of her former lover. Harold Routledge bows his head reverently, and leaves them together.

Act III.—The art of breaking the tenth commandment—"Thou shalt not covet thy neighbor's wife"—has reached its highest perfection in France. One of the most important laws of dramatic construction might be formulated in this way: If you want a particular thing done, choose a character to do it that an audience will naturally expect to do it. I wanted a man to fall in love with my heroine after she was a married woman, and I chose a French Count for that purpose. I knew that an American audience would not only expect him to fall in love with another man's wife, but it would be very much surprised if he did n't. This saved much explanation and unnecessary dialogue. Harold Routledge overhears the Count de Carojac, a hardened roué and a duellist, speaking of Lilian in such terms as no honorable man should speak of a modest woman. Routledge, with a studio in Rome, and having been educated at a German university, is familiar with the use of the rapier. A duel is arranged. Lilian hears of it through a female friend, and Strebelow, also, through the American second of

Mr. Routledge. The parties meet at the Chateau Chateaubriand, in the suburbs of Paris, at midnight, by the light of the moon in winter. A scream from Lilian, as she reaches the scene in breathless haste, throws Routledge off his guard; he is wounded and falls. Strebelow, too, has come on the field, not knowing the cause of the quarrel, but anxious to prevent a meeting between two of his personal friends. Lilian is ignorant of her husband's presence, and she sees only the bleeding form of the man she loves lying upon the snow. She falls at his side, and words of burning passion, checked a few hours before by the innocent presence of her child, spring to her lips. The last of these words are as follows: "I have loved you,—and you only,—Harold, from the first."

These words, clear, unmistakable, carrying their terrible truth straight to his heart, come to John Strebelow as the very first intimation that his wife did not love him when she married him. Crushed by this sudden blow, an expression of agony on his face, he stands for a moment speechless. When his voice returns, he has become another man. He is hard and cold. Still generous, so far as those things a generous man cares least for are concerned, he will share his wealth with her; but, in the awful bitterness of a great heart, at that moment he feels that the woman who has deceived him so wickedly has no natural right to be the guardian of their child. "Return to our home, madam; it will be yours, not mine, hereafter; but our child will not be there." Ungenerous words!

But if we are looking in our own hearts, where we must find nearly all the laws of dramatic construction, how many of us would be more generous, with such words as John Strebelow had just heard ringing in our ears? As the act closes, the startled love of a mother has again and finally asserted itself in Lilian's heart, the one overmastering passion of her nature. With the man she has loved lying near her, wounded, and for aught she knows dying, she is thinking only of her lost child. Maternal love, throughout the history of the world, has had triumphs over all the other passions; triumphs over destitution and trials and tortures, over all the temptations incident to life; triumphs to which no other impulse of the human heart—not even the love of man for woman—has ever risen. One of the most brilliant men I had ever known once said in court: "Woman, alone, shares with the Creator the privilege of communing with an unborn human being"; and, with this privilege, the Creator seems to have shared with woman a part of his own great love. All other love in our race is merely human. The play, from this time on, becomes the story of a mother's love.

Acts IV and V.—Two years later Lilian is at the home of her father in New York. Her husband has disappeared. His name was on the passenger list of a wrecked steamer, and no other word of him or of the child has been heard. If he had left the little girl in the care of others, it is unknown to whom or where. So Lilian is a widow and childless. She is fading, day

by day, and is hardly expected to live. Her mind, tortured by the suspense, which is worse than certainty, is gradually yielding to hallucinations which keep her little one ever present to her fancy. Harold Routledge was wounded seriously in the duel, but not killed; he is near Lilian, seeing her every day, but he is her friend rather than her lover, now. She talks with him of her child, and he feels how utterly hopeless his own passion is in the presence of an all-absorbing mother's love. It is discovered that the child is living peacefully among kind guardians in a French convent, and Routledge determines to cross the ocean with the necessary evidence and bring the little one back to its mother. He breaks the news to Lilian tenderly and gently. A gleam of joy illuminates her face for the first time since the terrible night two years before, and Routledge feels that the only barrier to his own happiness has been removed. At this moment Mr. John Strebelow is announced. The sudden return and reappearance of the husband falls like a stroke of fate upon both. As the curtain descends on the fourth act, Lilian lies fainting on the floor, with Natalie at her side, while the two men stand face to face above the unconscious woman whom they both love. Three lives ruined!—because Lilian's father, having lost his wealth in his old age, dared not, as he himself expressed it, leave a tenderly nurtured daughter to a merciless world. The world is merciless, perhaps, but it is not so utterly and hopelessly merciless to any man or woman as one's own heart may be.

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Lilian comes back to consciousness on her deathbed. Her child had returned to her only as a messenger from heaven, summoning her home. But the message had been whispered in unconscious ears; for she had not seen the little girl, who was removed before the mother had recovered from her swoon. They dare not tell her now that Natalie is on this side of the ocean and asleep in the next room. Mr. Strebelow had heard in a distant land, traveling to distract his mind from the great sorrow of his own life, of Lilian's condition, and he had hastened back to undo the wrong he felt that he had committed. She asks to see him; she kisses his hand with tenderness and gratitude when he tells her that Natalie shall be her own hereafter; his manly tears are tears of repentance, mingled with a now generous love. The stroke of death comes suddenly; they have only a moment's time to arouse the little one from its sleep; but they are not too late, and Lilian dies at last, a smile of perfect happiness on her face, with her child in her arms.

The Mississippi ducky in Mark Twain's story, being told that his heroic death on the field of battle would have made but little difference to the nation at large, remarked with deep philosophy, "It would have made a great deal of difference to me, sah." The radical change made in the story I have just related to you, before the production of the play in New York, was this: Lilian lives, instead of dying, in the last act. It

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would have made very little difference to the American nation which she did; but it made a great deal of difference to her, as you will see, and to the play also in nearly every part. My reasons for making the change were based upon one of the most important principles of the dramatic art, namely: A dramatist should deal, so far as possible, with subjects of universal interest, instead of with such as appeal strongly to a part of the public only. I do not mean that he may not appeal to certain classes of people, and depend upon those classes for success; but, just so far as he does this, he limits the possibilities of that success. I have said that the love of offspring in woman has shown itself the strongest of all human passions; and it is the one most nearly allied to the boundless love of Deity. But the one absolutely universal passion of the race, which underlies all other passions,—on which, indeed, the existence of the race depends,—the very fountain of maternal love itself, is the love of the sexes. The dramatist must remember that his work cannot, like that of the novelist or the poet, pick out the hearts here and there that happen to be in sympathy with its subject. He appeals to a thousand hearts at the same moment; he has no choice in the matter, he must do this; and it is only when he deals with the love of the sexes that his work is most interesting to that aggregation of human hearts we call “the audience.” This very play was successful in Chicago; but as soon as that part of the public had been exhausted which could weep with pleasure, if I may use the expression, over the tender-

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ness of a mother's love, its success would have been at an end. Furthermore,—and here comes in another law of dramatic construction,—a play must be, in one way or another, “satisfactory” to the audience. This word has a meaning which varies in different countries, and even in different parts of the same country; but whatever audience you are writing for, your work must be “satisfactory” to it. In England and America, the death of a pure woman on the stage is not “satisfactory” except when the play rises to the dignity of tragedy. The death in an ordinary play of a woman who is not pure, as in the case of “Frou Frou,” is perfectly satisfactory, for the reason that it is inevitable. Human nature always bows gracefully to the inevitable. The only griefs in our own lives in which we could never reconcile ourselves are those which might have been averted. The wife who has once taken the step from purity to impurity can never reinstate herself in the world of art on this side of the grave; and so an audience looks with complacent tears on the death of an erring woman. But Lilian had not taken the one fatal step which would have reconciled an audience to her death. She was still pure, and every one left the theatre wishing that she had lived. I yielded, therefore, to the sound logic, based on sound dramatic principle, of my New York manager, Mr. A. M. Palmer, and the piece was altered.

I had called the play, as produced in New York and afterward in London, the “same play” as the one produced in Chicago. That one doubt, which age does

not conquer,—which comes down to us from the remotest antiquity of our own youth; which still exists in our minds as we listen to the music of the spheres to countless ages, when all other doubts are at rest; that never to be answered doubt, whether it was the same jack-knife or another one after all its blades and handle had been changed,—must ever linger in my own mind as to the identity of this play. But a dramatic author stops worrying himself about doubt of this kind very early in his career. The play which finally takes its place on the stage usually bears very little resemblance to the play which first suggested itself to his mind. In some cases the public has abundant reasons to congratulate itself on this fact, and especially on the way plays are often built up, so to speak, by the authors, with advice and assistance from other intelligent people interested in their success. The most magnificent figure in the English drama of this century was a mere faint outline, merely a fatherly old man, until the suggestive mind of Macready stimulated the genius of Bulwer Lytton, and the great author, easily acknowledging the assistance rendered him, made *Cardinal Richelieu* the central figure of a play that was first written as a pretty love-story. Bulwer Lytton had an eye single, as any dramatist ought to have,—as every successful dramatist must have,—to the final artistic result; he kept before him the one object in making the play of “*Richelieu*” as good a play as he possibly could make it. The first duty of a dramatist is to put upon the stage the very

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best work he can, in the light of whatever advice and assistance may come to him. Fair acknowledgment afterwards is a matter of mere ordinary personal honesty. It is not a question of dramatic art.

So Lilian is to live, and not die, in the last act. The first question for us to decide (I say "us"—the New York manager, the literary attaché of the theatre, and myself)—the first practical question before us was: As Lilian is to live, which of the two men who love her is to die? There are axioms among the laws of dramatic construction, as in mathematics. One of them is this,—three hearts cannot beat as one. The world is not large enough, from an artistic point of view, for three good human hearts to continue to exist if two of them love the third. If one of the two hearts is a bad one, art assigns it to the hell on earth of disappointed love; but if it is good and tender and gentle, art is merciful to it and puts it out of its misery by death. Routledge was wounded in a duel; Strebe-low was supposed to be lost in the wreck of a steamer. It was easy enough to kill either of them, but which? We argued the question for three weeks. Mere romance was on the side of the young artist. But to have had him live would have robbed the play of all its meaning. Its moral, in the original form, is this: It is a dangerous thing to marry, for any reason, without the safeguard of love, even when the person one marries is worthy of one's love in every possible way. If we had decided in favor of Routledge, the play would have had no moral at all, or rather a very bad

one: If a girl marries the wrong man, she need only wait for him to die; and if her lover waits, too, it'll be all right. If, on the other hand, we so reconstruct the whole play that the husband and wife may at last come together with true affection, we shall have this moral: Even if a young girl makes the worst of all mistakes, and accepts the hand of one man when her heart belongs to another, fidelity to the duty of a wife on her side, and a manly, generous confidence on the part of her husband, may in the end correct even such a mistake. The dignity of this moral saved John Strebelow's life, and Harold Routledge was killed in the duel with the Count de Carojac.

All that was needed to effect this first change in the play was to instruct the actor who played Routledge to lie still when the curtain fell at the end of the third act, and to go home afterward. But there are a number of problems under the laws of dramatic construction which we must solve before the play can now be made to reach the hearts of an audience as it did before. Let us see what they are.

The love of Lilian for Harold Routledge cannot now be the one grand passion of her life. It must be the love of a young girl, however, sincere and intense, which yields afterward to the stronger and deeper love of a woman for her husband. The next great change, therefore, which the laws of dramatic construction forced upon us was this: Lilian must now control her own passion, and when she meets her lover in the second act she must not depend for her moral safety on

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the awakening of a mother's love by the appearance of her child. Her love for Harold is no longer such an all-controlling force as will justify a woman—justify her dramatically, I mean—in yielding to it. For her to depend on an outside influence now would be to show a weakness of character that would make her uninteresting. Instead, therefore, of receiving her former lover with dangerous pent-up fires, Lilian now feels pity for him. She hardly knows her own feelings toward her husband, but his manhood and kindness are gradually forcing their way to her heart. Routledge, in his own passion, forgets himself, and she now repels him. She even threatens to strike the bell, when the Count de Carojac appears and warns his rival to desist. This is now the end of the second act; a very different end, you see, from the other version, where the little girl runs in, and, in her own innocence, saves her mother from herself.

Here let me tell you a curious experience, which illustrates how stubbornly persistent the dramatic laws are in having their own way. We were all three of us—manager, literary attaché, and author—so pleased with the original ending of the second act (the picture of the little girl in its mother's arms, and the lover bowing his head in the presence of innocence) that we retained it. The little girl ran on the stage at every rehearsal at the usual place. But no one knew what to do with her. The actress who played the part of Lilian caught her in her arms in various attitudes; but none of them seemed right. The actor who

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played Routledge tried to drop his head, according to instructions, but he looked uncomfortable, not reverential. The next day we had the little girl run on from another entrance. She stopped in the centre of the stage. Lilian stared at her a moment and then exclaimed, "Mr. Howard, what shall I do with this child?" Routledge, who had put his hands in his pockets, called out, "What's the girl doing here, anyway, Howard?" I could only answer, "She used to be all right; I don't know what's the matter with her now." And I remember seeing an anxious look on the face of the child's mother, standing at the side of the stage. She feared there was something wrong about her own little darling who played the part of Natalie. I reassured her on this point; for the fact that I was in error was forcing itself on my mind in spite of my desire to retain the scene. You will hardly believe that I am speaking literally when I tell you that it was not until the nineteenth rehearsal that we yielded to the inevitable and decided not to have the child come on at all at that point. The truth was this, now that Lilian saved herself in her own strength, the child had no dramatic function to fulfil. So strongly did we all feel the force of a dramatic law which we could not, and would not, see. Our own natural human instinct, the instinct which the humblest member of an audience feels without knowing anything of dramatic law, got the better of three men trained in dramatic work only by sheer force and against our own determined opposition. We

were three of Stevenson's cows—or shall I say three calves—standing on the track, and we could not succeed where Jumbo failed.

The third step in the changes forced upon us by the laws of dramatic construction was a very great one, and it was made necessary by the fact, just mentioned, that the child Natalie had no dramatic function to fulfil in the protection of her mother's virtue. In other words, there is no point in the play now where sexual love is, or can be, replaced by maternal love as the controlling passion of the play. Consequently, the last two acts in their entirety, so far as the serious parts are concerned, disappear; one new scene and a new act taking their place. The sad mother, playing with a little shoe or a toy, passes out of our view. The dying woman, kissing the hand of the man she has wronged; the husband, awestricken in the presence of a mother's love; the child clasped in Lilian's arms; her last look on earth, a smile and her last breath, the final expression of maternal tenderness,—these scenes belong only to the original version of the play as it lies in its author's desk. With an author's sensitive interest in his own work, I wasted many hours in trying to save these scenes. But I was working directly against the laws of dramatic truth, and I gave up the impossible task.

The fourth great change—forced on us, as the others were—concerns the character of John Strebe-low. As he is now to become the object of a wife's mature affection, he must not merely be a noble and

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generous man; he must do something worthy of the love which is to be bestowed on him. He must command a woman's love. When, therefore, he hears his wife, kneeling over her wounded lover, use words which tell him of their former relations, he does not what most of us would do, but what an occasional hero among us would do. Of course, the words of Lilian cannot be such now as to close the gates to all hopes of love, as they were before. She still utters a wild cry, but her words merely show the awakened tenderness and pity of a woman for a man she had once loved. They are uttered, however, in the presence of others, and they compromise her husband's honor. At that moment he takes her gently in his arms and becomes her protector, warning the French roué and duellist that he will call him to account for the insults which the arm of the dead man had failed to avenge. He afterwards does this, killing the count (not in the action of the play; this is only told). John Strebelow thus becomes the hero of the play, and it is only necessary to follow the workings of Lilian's heart and his a little further until they come together at last, loving each other truly, the early love of the wife for another man being only a sad memory in her mind. There is a tender scene of explanation and a parting until Lilian's heart shall recall her husband. This scene, in my opinion, is one of the most beautiful scenes ever written for the stage. At the risk of breaking the Tenth Commandment myself, I do not hesitate to say I wish I had written it. As I did not,

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however, I can express the hope that the name of Mr. A. R. Cazauran, who did write it, will never be forgotten in connection with this play as long as the play itself may be remembered. I wrote the scene myself first; but when he wrote it according to his own ideas, it was so much more beautiful than my own form that I would have broken a law of dramatic art if I had not accepted it. I should not have been giving the public the best play I could, under the circumstances. Imbued, as my own mind was, with all the original motives of the piece, it would have been impossible for me to have made the changes within a few weeks without the assistance Mr. Cazauran would give me; this assistance was invaluable to me in all parts of the revised piece. In the fifth act the husband and wife come together again, the little child acting as the cause of their immediate reconciliation; the real cause lies in their own true hearts.

Before we leave the subject, another change which I was obliged to make will interest you, because it shows curiously what queer turns these laws of dramatic construction may take. As soon as it was decided to have Lilian alive in the fifth act, and love John Strebelow, I was compelled to cut out the quarrel scene between Lilian and Harold Routledge in the first act. This is a little practical matter, very much like taking out a certain wheel at one end of a machine because you have decided to get a different mechanical result at the other end. I was very fond of this quarrel scene, but I lost no time in trying to save it, for I saw at once



Photo (1909) by Pach Bros., New York

MRS. BRONSON HOWARD, NÉE ALICE WYNDHAM



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that Harold Routledge must not appear in the first act at all. He could only be talked about as Lilian's lover. John Strebelow must be present alone in the eyes and the sympathy of the audience. If Routledge did not appear until the second act, the audience would regard him as an interloper; it would rather resent his presence than otherwise, and would be easily reconciled to his death in the next act. It was taking an unfair advantage of the young lover, but there was no help for it. Even if Harold had appeared in the first act, the quarrel scene would have been impossible. He might have made love to Lilian, perhaps, or even kissed her, and the audience would have forgiven me reluctantly for having her love another man afterwards. But if the two young people had had a lovers' quarrel in the presence of the audience, no power on earth could have convinced any man or woman in the house that they were not intended for each other by the eternal decrees of the divine Providence.

I have now given you the revised story of this play as it was produced in the Union Square Theatre in New York under the name of "The Banker's Daughter." I have said nothing about the comic scenes or characters, because the various changes did not affect them in any way that concerns the principles of dramatic art. They are almost identically the same in both versions. Now, if you please, we will cross the ocean. I have had many long discussions with English managers on the practice in London of adapting foreign plays, not merely to the English stage, but to the English life,

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with English characters. The Frenchmen of a French play become, as a rule, Englishmen; the Germans of a German play become Englishmen; so do Italians and Spaniards and Swedes. They usually, however, continue to express foreign ideas and act like foreigners. In speaking of such a transplanted character I may be permitted, perhaps, to trifle with a sacred text:

The manager has said it,
But it's hardly to his credit,
That he is an Englishman!
For he ought to've been a Roosian,
A French, or Turk, or Proosian,
Or perhaps Itali-an!
But in spite of Art's temptations
To belong to other nations,
He becomes an Englishman!

Luckily, the American characters of "The Banker's Daughter," with one exception, could be twisted into very fair Englishmen with only a faint suspicion of our Yankee accent. Mr. James Alberty, one of the most brilliant men in England, author of "The Two Roses," was engaged to make them as nearly English as he could. The friendship, cemented as Alberty and I were discussing for some weeks the international social questions involved, is among the dearest and tenderest friendships I have ever made, and I learned more about the various minor differences of social life in England and America while we were thus working together than I could have learned in a residence there of five years. I have time to give you only a few

points. Take the engagement of Lilian, broken in act first. An engagement in England is necessarily a family matter, and it could be neither made nor broken by the mere fiat of a young girl without consultation with others, leaving the way open for the immediate acceptance of another man's hand. In the English version, therefore, there is no engagement with Harold Routledge. It is only an understanding between them that they love each other. Not even the most rigid customs of Europe can prevent such an understanding between two young people, if they can once look into each other's eyes; they could fall in love through a pair of telescopes. Then the duel; it is next to impossible to persuade an English audience that a duel is justifiable or natural with an Englishman as one of the principals. So we played a rather sharp artistic trick on our English audience. In the American version, I assume that if a plucky young American in France insults a Frenchman purposely he will abide by the local customs and give him satisfaction if called upon to do so. So would a young Englishman, between you and me; but the laws of dramatic construction deal with the sympathies of the audience as well as with the natural motives and actions and characters in a play, and an English audience would think a French Count ought to be perfectly satisfied if Routledge knocked him down. How did we get over the difficulty? First, we made Routledge a British officer returning from India, instead of an artist on his way from Rome,—a fighting man by profession; and then we

made the Count de Carojac pile so many sneers and insults on this British officer, and on the whole British nation, that I verily believe a London audience would have mobbed Routledge if he had n't tried to kill him. The English public walked straight into the trap, though they abhor nothing on earth more than the duelling system.

I said that the comic characters were not affected by the changes made in America; the change of nationality did affect them to a certain extent. A young girl, Florence St. Vincent, afterward Mrs. Brown, represents here, with dramatic exaggeration, of course, a type of young girl more or less familiar to all of us. In England she is not a type, but an eccentric personality, with which the audience must be made acquainted by easy stages. It was necessary, therefore, to introduce a number of preliminary speeches for her before she came to the lines of the original version. After that, she ran on without any further change except a few excisions. Mrs. Brown was married to a very old man who afterward dies, and in the last act she illustrates the various grades of affliction endured by every young widow, from the darkness of despair to the becoming twilight of sentimental sadness. This was delicate ground in England. They have not that utter horror of a marriage between a very old man and a very young woman which in this country justifies all the satire which the dramatist can heap upon the man who commits that crime, even after he is in the grave. And the English people do not share with

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us—I say to their credit—our universal irreverence for what is solemn and sacred. One must not, either in social life or on the stage, speak too lightly there of any serious subject. Of course they can laugh, however, at an old man that makes a fool of himself. So we merely tone down the levity by leaving old Mr. Brown out of the case entirely. There is a great difference, as in the case of Routledge left out of the first act, between what the audience sees and what it only hears talked about; and none of the laws of dramatic construction are more important than those which concern the questions whether you shall appeal to the ear of an audience, to its eye, or to both. Old Mr. Brown was only talked about, then, and as long as English audiences did not know him personally it was perfectly willing to laugh at him after Mrs. Brown was widowed. Another change made for the London version will interest American business men. In our own version, Lilian's father and his partner close up their affairs in the last act and retire from their business as private bankers. "That would never do in England," said Mr. Albery; "an old established business like that might be worth 100,000 pounds. We must sell it to some one, not close it." So we sold it to Mr. George Washington Phipps. This last character illustrates again the stubbornness of dramatic law. Mr. Albery and I tried to make him an Irishman, or a Scotchman, or some kind of an Englishman; but we could not. He remained an American in England in 1886, as he was in Chicago in 1873. He declined to

change either his citizenship or his name, "G. Washington—Father of his Country—Phipps."

The peculiar history of the play is my only justification for giving you all these details of its otherwise unimportant career. I only trust that I have shown you how very practical the laws of dramatic construction are in the way they influence the dramatist. The art of obeying them is merely the art of using your common sense in the study of your own and other people's emotions. All I now add is, if you write a play, be honest and sincere in using your common sense. A prominent lawyer once assured me that there was only one man he trembles before in the presence of a jury—not the learned man, nor the eloquent man; it was the sincere man. The public will be your jury. That public often condescends to be trifled with by brainy tricksters; but, believe me, it is only a condescension, and very contemptuous. In the long run the public will judge you, and respect you, according to your artistic sincerity.

TRASH ON THE STAGE AND THE LOST DRAMATISTS OF AMERICA

AN ADDRESS BY BRONSON HOWARD DELIVERED
BEFORE THE LAMBS CLUB

PEOPLE who write about the American drama, whether critics, makers of books, or essayists, have been groaning for many years over the frivolous character of most of the work presented on our stage. One result of this may be to make our actors look with less respect on their own profession, for they are obliged to appear in this frequently condemned "rubbish"; and as the Lambs Club is largely composed of actors, it may be well to speak a reassuring word on this subject.

We must all admit that much of the work offered to the American public, now and in the past, is and has been extremely frivolous, and that it cannot possibly become a part of a permanent body of Dramatic Literature. But exactly the same thing has been true in all periods of dramatic history and in all countries. We do not differ in this respect from any other country. Of the actual productions on the stage of England or France, during the most brilliant periods of their dramatic history, an immense proportion of the entertainments appealed merely to the passing fancies of the age, and had no permanent value whatever.

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The same thing was true of the Roman stage, and undoubtedly also of the Greek. Our actors may retain their self-respect; and our audiences may resign themselves with complacency to the enjoyment of all the nonsense on the stage that may suit their passing fancy. The Puritans of literature and journalism may groan and moan, and draw down their pious faces; the solid dramatic literature of the world has grown up in the very rankness of theatrical nonsense and frivolity.

What is equally true is this: the plays of permanent value in England or France or America would not have kept the doors of a single theatre open in London or Paris or New York. If it were not for dramatic trash, neither theatres nor the profession of acting would exist. The stage is exactly like the book-press in this regard. Ninety-nine books in every hundred are the merest trash; and one small hand-press could print all the really valuable literary works published by a whole nation. Where would the publishers of New York, London, and Paris be—as well as the managers—if it were not for trash?

But a few of the plays produced from time to time in our theatres must take a permanent place in the respect and affection of the public if we are ever to have a body of dramatic literature that will be an honor to our stage and our country.

Our critics tell us that these plays are yet to be written by the novelists and poets of the country, the writers of short stories, the magazinists, litterateurs, and scholars. The critics have been telling us for years



Photo by Rinehart, Denver

BRONSON HOWARD AT FIFTY-FIVE YEARS OLD



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that these men can, and yet will, write plays for us. The professional American dramatists have been waiting patiently for these literary men to write their plays; in the meantime, we ourselves have dashed off a few stop-gaps to keep the theatres open. We are still waiting.

But I am afraid, after all, that the critics are mistaken. A glance at the history of the drama in England shows us that only professional dramatists—not incidental dramatists—have built up the drama of England. One of the best collections of English plays is that of Mrs. Inchbald, published in 1808. Very little has been added to English dramatic literature since that date. Of the one hundred and twenty-five dramas in that collection, only thirteen fairly well known plays were written by men who were not professional dramatists, and only seven of these were written by literary men; the other six were by a lawyer, an architect, a physician, a soldier, and a Presbyterian minister. Our critics might as well ring in all the other professions, in looking for the coming American dramatist, as to pin their hopes on our literary men. Litterateurs furnished only seven fairly good plays to the English drama in two centuries and a half, and only three of the seven can be classed as high as the second rank,—not one of them in the first rank. All the great British novelists of the eighteenth century failed to produce one play of the fourth rank, and the dramatic works of the great poet John Dryden are of utterly insignificant value, or worse.

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The novelists and poets of the United States, the writers of short stories, the magazinists, litterateurs, and scholars, are not the lost dramatists of America; and they are not coming dramatists of America. The absurd idea that they are such belongs to our period of literary childhood, and it is high time for us to lay it aside. A dramatist certainly ought to be a literary man; but there is no reason why a literary man should be a dramatist. To assume that he is one, or is likely to be one until he has actually written a play, is as ridiculous as to assume that he is a painter before he has painted a picture, or an actor before he has learned a part. Furthermore, as I have already shown, it is in direct opposition to the facts of dramatic history.

But in what direction can we turn for our future American dramas of permanent value if history proves that we cannot look to American literary men in general for them? Common sense seems to answer the question. The American Theatre must develop its own literature, through professional dramatists, good, bad, and indifferent, as the theatre of every other country has done. In other words, in looking forward to an American Dramatic Literature, we must look towards the theatre, not away from it.

BRONSON HOWARD'S PLAYS

WITH ORIGINAL CASTS

1 FANTINE, A Drama Detroit, 1864

2 SARATOGA, A Comedy in Five Acts 1870
(Fifth Avenue Theatre, New York, December 21)

ORIGINAL CAST

Mr. Robert Sackett	James Lewis
Who Loved not Wisely, But Four Well	
Jack Benedict	D. H. Harkins
A chip of the "regular" sort, in for everything "regular"	
Papa Vanderpool	Mr. Davidge
The Parent of the period	
The Hon. William Carter	Mr. Whiting
A relic of the "Old School"	
Remington, <i>père</i> ,	Mr. De Vere
Traveling for pleasure, and never finding it	
Sir Mortimer Muttonleg	George Parkes
The pride of the Saratoga piazzas	
Mr. Cornelius Wethertree	Mr. Browne
The "Old Bachelor" of the period	
Mr. Luddington Whist	Arthur Mathison
The "Swell" of the "Wells"	
Frederick Augustus Carter	Mr. Burnett
The Youth of the period	
Frank Littlefield	Mr. Bascomb
The Lover of this or any other period	
Gyp	Mr. Beekman
The waiter of the future, the present, and the past	
Pete, Bell Boy of the Grand	Clover, Bell Boy
Dan, Bell Boy	
The "Artist" at the Academy	
Effie Remington	Fanny Davenport
The Belle of the "Union"—the pride of the Saratoga season—up to "larks" and in for everything "awful"	

BRONSON HOWARD'S PLAYS

Lucy Carter	Clara Morris	
The Bride of the period and the pride of the "Clarendon"								
Olivia Alston	Fanny Morant	
The Widow of the period								
Virginia Vanderpool	Linda Dietz	
The Pet of the "Union"								
Mrs. Vanderpool	Mrs. Gilbert	
A Mother of the period								
Mrs. Gaylover	Mrs. Lizzie Winter	
Saratoga knows her well								
Muffins	Amy Ames	
Lilly Livingstone	}	The Glory of "Marvins"					}	Kate Claxton
Ag. Ogden								Louise Valmer
Pussy	}	Children of the period					}	Gerty Norwood
Larks								Miss Keen
Guests, Promenaders, etc.								

Synopsis of Scenery

ACT I—The Academy of Design on a Reception Night.

ACT II—Congress Springs at Saratoga.

ACT III—The Wood near Moon Lake.

ACT IV—Parlors at the "Union."

ACT V—Private Parlor No. 73.

3 DIAMONDS, A Comedy in Five Acts . . . 1872 (Fifth Avenue Theatre, New York, September 26)

ORIGINAL CAST

Hamilton Wyckoff	Henry Crisp
A connoisseur who chooses well, but afterwards mistakes a genuine Diamond for an Imitation							
Reddington	C. H. Rockwell
Who makes the same mistake							
Percival Jarvis	George Clarke
An Amateur Villain							
Dr. Shuttleworth	W. Davidge
A Widower-twice; one of those favored mortals for whom history repeats itself indefinitely							

BRONSON HOWARD'S PLAYS

Truesdell	B. T. Ringgold
Dazzled by a rose-tint Diamond; finally wears it in his bosom	
Jerome Skidmore	G. H. Griffiths
Husband or Master?—his wife has chosen for herself	
Todd	James Lewis
Proprietor of the Koh-i-noor	
Uncle Ned	W. J. Lemoyne
A Black Diamond; an heirloom in the family	
Judge Cortison	D. Whiting
A gem of the New York Judiciary	
'Enery Thomas	Mr. Beekman
A jewel from the oldest families of England	
Plunkett } Backus } Olyphant }	Members of the Hyperion Club, a cluster of precious stones, the conservators of our social morality {
J. H. Burnett E. Pierce Mr. Barney	
Club Servant	G. Godfrey
William	Mr. Carroll
Nellie Wyckoff	Fanny Davenport
A Diamond of the purest water	
Mrs. Cornelia Vandycke	Fanny Morant
A brilliant stone, that needs resetting	
Herminie	Linda Dietz
A rose-tint gem; sparkles in the sun and twinkles under the gas; dazzling, if not deep	
Mabel Wyckoff, née Skidmore	Sara Jewett
A true Diamond, but polished by unskilled hands; re-cut by the lapidary experience	
The Todd	Mrs. G. H. Gilbert
The Koh-i-noor; purest ray serene; of inestimable value—to "Todd"	
Mrs. Jerome Skidmore	Nellie Mortimer
Frequently mistaken for a Diamond, in Society—like many other women	
Mrs. Plunkett } Mrs. Backus }	Paste { Georgie Langley Miss Griffiths

Synopsis

- ACT I—An Embarrassed Angel. Scene, Wyckoff's Family mansion in Stuyvesant Square.
- ACT II—Paste! Scene, Wyckoff's Villa on Staten Island.
- ACT III—The Flaw in the Jewel. Scene, The Villa.
- ACT IV—Precious Stones in Cluster! Scene 1, Herminie's Home. Love Glacé.
Scene 2, The Hyperion Club. A Trial for Murder. Insanity à la Americaine.
- ACT V—The Diamond Reset. Scene, The Interior of Rosemary Villa. Wife or Exile!

BRONSON HOWARD'S PLAYS

- 4 MOORCROFT, or The Double Wedding, A Comedy in
Four Acts 1874
(Fifth Avenue Theatre, New York, October 17)

ORIGINAL CAST

Cyril Moorcroft	D. H. Harkins
Alfred Savergne	D. H. Harkins
Russell Moorcroft	Louis James
Harrington Gautry	George Clarke
Katherine (first appearance in New York)	Annie Graham
Bella Van Renselar	Fanny Davenport
Mrs. Peters	Sol Smith Russell
Rackett	James Lewis
Joanna	Nina Varian
Marie	Emily Rigl
Peters	W. Davidge
Pete	J. W. Jennings
Dennis	O. S. Fawcett
Thomas	F. Chapman
Virginia	Sara Jewett

- 5 LILIAN'S LAST LOVE, A Play in Five Acts . . . 1877
(Hooley's Theatre, Chicago, September 4)

ORIGINAL CAST

Owen Routledge	J. W. Blaisdell
Archibald Strebelow (for this occasion only)	J. J. Sullivan
George Washington Phipps, N.Y.U.S.A.	C. B. Bishop
Lawrence Westbrook	Russell Soggs
Babbage	George Giddens
M. Le Comte de Carojac	N. Saulsbury
Mr. Brown	R. B. Buck
Montvillais	Will H. Otis
Dr. Beaumarchais	Walter A. Eyting
Dr. Mildwinter	W. B. Arnold
Jerrold	S. Read

BRONSON HOWARD'S PLAYS

Lilian (first appearance this season)	Eliza O'Conner
Florence	Sydney Cowell
Aunt Fanny	Mrs. C. F. Maeder
Lisette	Miss Jackson
Natalie	Annie Hamilton

ACT I—A Young Girl's Heart. Lilian's Mistake.

ACT II—Strebelow's House in Paris (by Smith). The New Love and the Old Love.

ACT III—Chateau Chateaubriand by Moonlight (painted by M. Straus). A Presentiment and a Meeting of Honor.

ACT IV—Westbrook Mansion, New York. A Mother and Her Little One. Illusions.

ACT V—Lilian's Boudoir. A September Evening. Lilian's Last Love.

NOTE—An interval of about six years occurs between Act I and Act II, and one of nearly three years between Act III and Act IV.

- 5 a THE BANKER'S DAUGHTER, An Emotional
Drama in Five Acts, being a revision of the preceding
play 1878
(Union Square Theatre, New York, September 30)

ORIGINAL CAST

John Strebelow	Charles R. Thorne
Lawrence Westbrook	John Parselle
Mr. Babbage	J. H. Stoddard
George Washington Phipps	J. B. Polk
Count de Carojac	M. V. Lingham
Harold Routledge	Walter Ramsey
M. de Montvillais	C. W. Bowser
Doctor Watson	H. F. Daly
Gerold	W. S. Quigley
Lilian Westbrook	Sara Jewett
Florence St. Vincent	Maude Harrison
Mrs. Holcomb	Mrs. E. J. Phelps
Lizette	Sarah Cowell
Natalie	{ Little Effie Barrett and Little Leila Granger

BRONSON HOWARD'S PLAYS

Synopsis of Scenery

- ACT I—Extension Room at Lawrence Westbrook's, New York. The Speculation.
 ACT II—Drawing-room at John Strebelow's, Paris, eight years later. A Smothered
 Flame Fanned Back to Life.
 ACT III—Vestibule of the American Embassy, Paris. The Insult.
 ACT IV—Scene 1, Exterior of the old Chateau near Paris. The Duel. Scene 2,
 A Boudoir at John Strebelow's. The Separation.
 ACT V—Extension Room at Lawrence Westbrook's, New York, three years later.
 The Love Link.

6 OLD LOVE LETTERS, A Comedietta in One Act (Park Theatre, New York, August 31) 1878

ORIGINAL CAST

Mrs. Florence Brownlee	Agnes Booth
The Hon. Edward Ashburton	Joseph Whiting

SCENE— Residence of Mrs. Brownlee in Cambridge.

7 HURRICANES, A Comedy in Three Acts . . . 1878 (Hooley's Theatre, Chicago, May 27)

ORIGINAL CAST

Mrs. Lucy Batterson	{ Four Weak Women	{	Marie Wainwright
Mrs. Partridge Compton			(her first appearance) Mrs. Allen
Blanche			Rose Osborn
Julia			Agnes Elliott
Alfred Batterson	{ Four Strong Men	{	James Lewis
Gen. Partridge Campton			W. H. Bailey
Sartewelle			(his first appearance) Ed. J. Buckley
Frederick Randolph			J. G. Saville
Mrs. Stonehenge Tuttle	(her first appearance)		Mrs. G. H. Gilbert
	One Strong Woman		
Mrs. Dalrymple McNamara			Sydney Cowell
	A Wise Woman		
Cutter			Wm. Cullington

SCENE— Honeysuckle Villa. Alfred Batterson's Summer Residence at New Rochelle,
 near New York. Time, Week before Last.

(Produced at Park Theatre, New York, August 31, 1878)

BRONSON HOWARD'S PLAYS

8 WIVES, A Comedy in Five Acts, adapted from Molière
(Daly's Theatre, New York, October 18) 1879

ORIGINAL CAST

Arnolphe, Marquis of Fontenoy, also known as Monsieur La Souche	Charles Fisher
Scanarelle Lamarre	William Davidge
Vicomte Ariste	George Morton
Chrisalde	John Drew
Horace de Chateauroux	Harry Macy
Captain Fieremonte, of the King's Musketeers	George Parkes
Dorival	Hart Conway
Alain	Charles LeClercq
Jean Jacques	F. Bennett
Captain Ballander	W. Edmunds
The Commissary	Mr. Hunting
The Notary	Mr. Sterling
Agnes	Catherine Lewis
Isabelle de Nesle	Ada Rehan
Leonora de Nesle	Margaret Lanner
Lisette	Maggie Harold
Georgette	Sydney Nelson

9 FUN IN A GREEN-ROOM, A Comedy in Three Acts
(Booth's Theatre, New York, April 10) 1882

ORIGINAL CAST

Captain Henry Opdyke, U.S.A.	John Webster
Eagle of the Craig	Captain Henry Opdyke
The Rev. Earnest Duckworth	John Gourlay
Earl of Kensington	Rev. Earnest Duckworth
Mr. Booth McC. Forrest, Heavy Tragedian	N. Saulsbury
The "Old Chief" War Cloud	Mr. Booth McC. Forrest
Miss Kittie Plumpet, a Born Actress	Nellie McHenry
The Indian Princess	Miss Kittie Plumpet
Mrs. Camilla Westlake, a Young Widow	Ray Samuels
Marchioness of Belgravia	Mrs. Camilla Westlake

BRONSON HOWARD'S PLAYS

10 YOUNG MRS. WINTHROP, A Play in Four Acts (Madison Square Theatre, New York, October 9) 1882

ORIGINAL CAST

Mrs. Ruth Winthrop	Mrs. Whiffen
Mr. Douglas Winthrop, her son	George Clarke
Constance Winthrop, his wife	Carrie Turner
Buxton Scott, a lawyer	Thomas Whiffen
Mrs. Dick Chetwyn, a Lady of Society	Agnes Booth
Edith, sister of Constance	Maud Stuart
Herbert	Henry Miller
Dr. Melbanke	W. J. Lemoyne
John, a footman	A. T. Smith

Synopsis of Scenery

ACT I—Home of the Winthrops, New York—the Library.

ACT II—Same as Act I.

ACT III—The Drawing Room.

ACT IV—Same as Acts I and II.

11 ONE OF OUR GIRLS, A Comedy in Four Acts, 1885 (Lyceum Theatre, New York, November 10)

ORIGINAL CAST

Dr. Girodet	Louis James
M. Fonblanque	George F. Devere
Capt. John Gregory, Fifth Lancers	E. H. Sothern
Comte Florian de Crebillon	F. F. Mackay
Henri Saint-Hilaire	Vincent Sternroyd
Le Duc de Fouché-Fonblanque	J. W. Pigott
André	F. Williams
Mme. Fonblanque	Ida Vernon
Julie	Enid Leslie
Miss Kate Shipley	Helen Dauvray

Synopsis of Scenery

ACT I—Apartment in the Chateau Fonblanque. French Ideas and American Ideas.

ACT II—The Chateau Fonblanque, Another Apartment. An International Kiss.

ACT III—The Chateau Fonblanque, Another Apartment. The Result of a French Marriage. Scene 2, Apartment in the Rue Rivoli. An American Girl and an English Officer in a French Situation.

ACT IV—The Chateau Fonblanque, same as Act I. A Scientific Experiment.

BRONSON HOWARD'S PLAYS

12 MET BY CHANCE, A Romance in Four Acts 1887 (Lyceum Theatre, New York, January 11)

ORIGINAL CAST

Dr. Harrington Lee	E. H. Sothern
Edward Dudley Talford	Frank Rodney
Dudley Bretton	J. C. Saville
Charlie Hartwell	J. W. Pigott
Macdonald	J. E. Whiting
Wilson	W. Payson
Hope Rutherford	Ellie Wilton
Lucy Rutherford	Enid Leslie
Aunt Mary Hartwell	Emma Skerrett
Stella Vandyke	Helen Dauvray

13 THE HENRIETTA, A Comedy in Four Acts 1887 (Union Square Theatre, September 26)

ORIGINAL CAST

Nicholas Vanalstyne, Old Nick in the Street	Wm. H. Crane
Dr. Parke Wainwright	H. J. Lethcourt
Nicholas Vanalstyne, Jr.	Charles Kent
Bertie Vanalstyne, his brother, a Lamb	Stuart Robson
Lord Arthur Trelawney, Another	Lorimer Stoddard
The Rev. Dr. Murray Hilton, a Shepherd	F. A. Tannehill, Jr.

"It was to combat and expose such as these, no doubt, that laughter was
made"—*Vanity Fair*

Watson Flint, a Broker	Henry Bergman
Musgrave, an old Clerk	Louis Carpenter
Mrs. Cornelia Opdyke, a Widow	Selena Fetter
Mrs. Rose Vanalstyne, Wife of Vanalstyne, Jr.	Sibyl Johnstone
Agnes, her Sister, in love with Bertie	Jessie Storey
Lady Mary Trelawney, old Vanalstyne's Daughter	May Waldron

Synopsis of Scenery

ACT I—Residence of Nicholas Vanalstyne, in New York. A Giant and a Lamb.

ACT II—The Drawing-room. A Packet of Letters. Henrietta.

ACT III—Private Office of Watson, Flint & Co., Stock Exchange Brokers, Wall Street, New York. Bulls, Bears, and Tigers.

(An interval of 18 months.)

ACT IV—Vanalstyne's Residence.

BRONSON HOWARD'S PLAYS

- 14 **BARON RUDOLPH**, first named Rudolph, Baron von Hallenstein 1887
(Fourteenth Street Theatre, New York, October 25)

ORIGINAL CAST

Rudolph Wiegand	George S. Knight
Whitworth Lawrence	Frank Carlyle
General Benjamin Metcalfe	Charles Bowser
Judge Merrybone	M. A. Kennedy
Goeffrey Brown	Harry Woodruff
Allen	George D. Fawcell
Owen	Lin Hurst
The County Sheriff	Frank Colfax
John Henry Thomas	Will C. Sampson
Bill Overdeck	Samuel W. Keene
Rhoda	Carrie Turner
Ernestine	Jane Stuart
Mrs. Nellie Dashwood	Mrs. George S. Knight

- 15 **SHENANDOAH**, A Military Comedy in Four Acts
(Star Theatre, New York, September 9) 1889

ORIGINAL CAST

General Haverill	} Officers of Sheridan's Cavalry	{	Wilton Lackaye
Colonel Kerchival West			Henry Miller
Captain Heartsease			Morton Selton
Lieutenant Frank Bedloe			G. W. Bailey
Major-General Francis Buckthorn, Commander of the 19th Army Corps			Harry Harwood
Sergeant Barket			James O. Barrows
Colonel Robert Ellingham, 10th Virginian			Lucius Henderson
Captain Thornton, Secret Service, C.S.A.			John E. Kellerd
Lieutenant of Signal Corps			Harry Thorn
Lieutenant of Infantry			George Maxwell
Mrs. Constance Haverill			Dorothy Dorr
Gertude Ellingham			Viola Allen
Madeline West			Nanette Comstock
Jenny Buckthorn, U.S.A.			Effie Shannon
Mrs. Edith Haverill			Alice B. Haines

BRONSON HOWARD'S PLAYS

Hardwick (Surgeon)	W. L. Dennison
Captain Lockwood, U.S. Signal Corps	C. C. Brandt
Corporal Dunn	W. J. Cummings
Benson	Wm. Barnes
Old Margery	Mrs. Haslam
Jannette	Ester Drew

Synopsis of Scenery

ACT I—Charleston Harbor. "After the Ball."

ACT II—The Ellingham Homestead in the Shenandoah Valley. Evening. The Confession.

ACT III—Same as Act II. Next Morning. Battle of Cedar Creek. Sheridan's Ride.

ACT IV—Residence of General Buckthorn at Washington at the close of the War. A Reunion.

16 ARISTOCRACY, A Comedy in Four Acts . 1892
(Palmer's Theatre (Wallack's), New York, November 14)

ORIGINAL CAST

A NEW RICH FAMILY

Jefferson Stockton	} Of San Francisco	Wilton Lackaye
Virginia Stockton		Viola Allen
Diana Stockton		Blanche Walsh
Sheridan Stockton		Paul Arthur

AMERICAN ARISTOCRACY

Mr. Hamilton Stuart Laurence	} Of New York	W. P. Thompson
Mrs. Laurence, née Ten Broeck		Helen Tracey
(Van Kortlandt branch of family)		Josephine Hall
Katherine Ten Broeck Laurence		Miller Kent
Stuyvesant Laurence		

ARISTOCRACY

Prince Emil von Haldenwald, of Vienna	William Faversham
Octave, Duc de Vigny-Volante, of Paris	Frederic Bond
The Marquis of Normandale, of London	E. W. Pigott
The Earl of Caryston-Leigh, of London	Bruce McRae
Grimthorpe	W. H. Montgomery
Martin	Edwin Mordaunt

Synopsis of Scenery

ACT I—At Menlo Park, near San Francisco.

ACT II—Normandale House, London.

ACTS III and IV—A New Palace in New York.

BRONSON HOWARD'S PLAYS

- 17 PETER STUYVESANT, A Comedy in Four Acts,
 (with Mr. Brander Matthews) . . . 1899
 (Wallack's Theatre, New York, October 2)

ORIGINAL CAST

Peter Stuyvesant, Governor of New Amsterdam	Mr. Crane
Jonas Van Der Planck, Chief Councillor	George Fawcett
Gerardus Bogardus	Carl Herbert
Gerrit Opdyke	Daniel Fingleton
Myndert De Vroo	George L. Stevens
Sir Reginald Farquhar	William Courtleigh
Conrad Ten Eyck	William Ingersoll
Dr. La Montagne	William Sampson
Major Killaen Ketteltas	Frederick Truesdell
Capt. Cornelius Van Langendyck	George F. Devere
Lieutenant Schuyler	Harvey Banks
Lieutenant Westervelt	Henry Greisman
Barry McNamara	Thad Shine
Corporal Van Schaick	Ferris Mason
Wolfert Pieterseon	Will Dupont
Nero, the Governor's Dumb Pet	Frank Molborn
Anneke Stuyvesant, the Governor's Niece	Percy Haswell
Mrs. Lysbet Bayard, the Governor's sister	Selene Johnson
Katrina Van Der Planck	Sandol Milliken
Gertryd	Leila Bronson

- 18 KNAVE AND QUEEN, A Comedy in Three Acts,
 (with Sir Charles L. Young) . . . Never acted

- 19 KATE, A Comedy in Four Acts, Published in book-
 form by Harper & Brothers, 1906 . . . Not acted





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